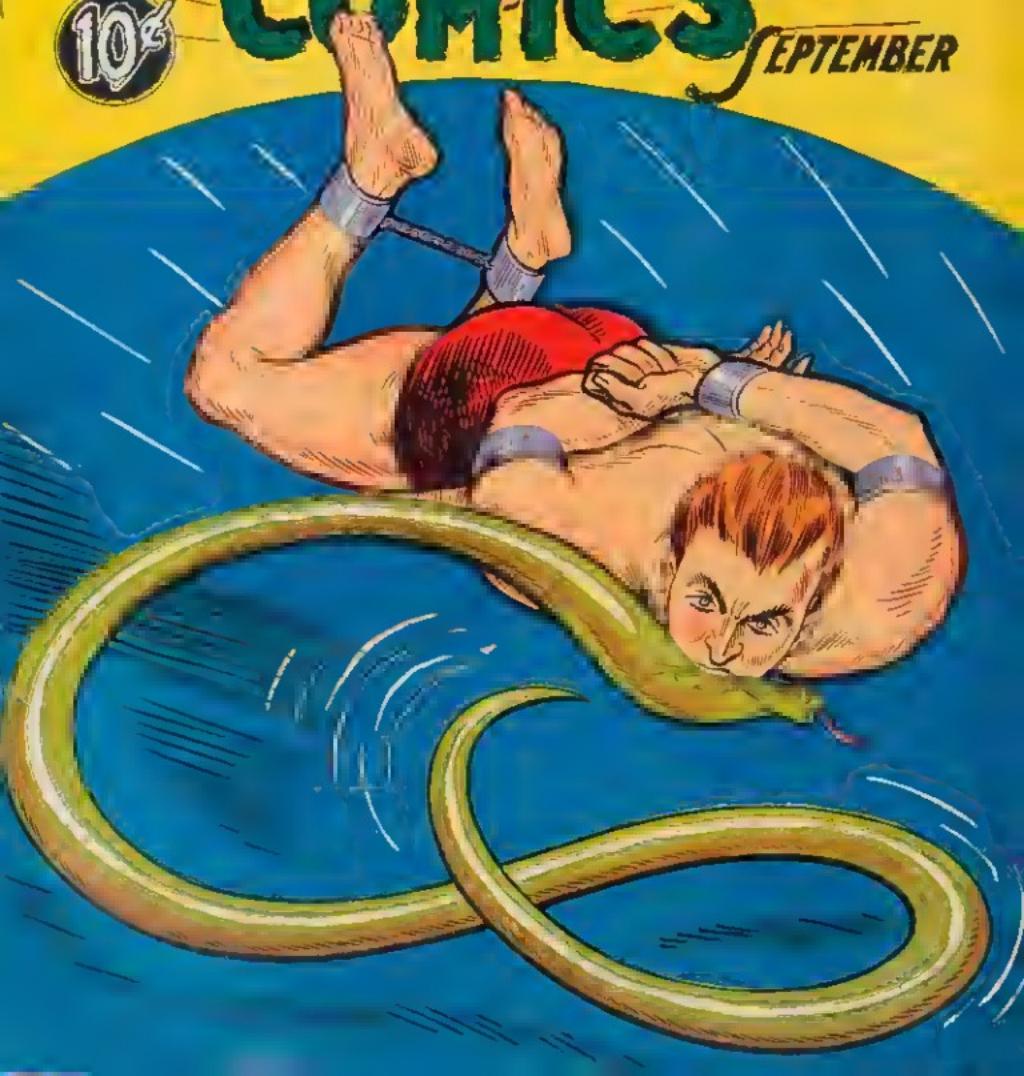


AMAZING-MAN

COMICS

10¢

SEPTEMBER



WEB COMIC UNIVERSE.COM



IT'S HARD TO BEAT-

These

2 TOP-NOTCH FEATURES!

BOTH IN THE SAME MAGAZINE.

Every Page PACKED
with EXCITING EPISODES
& THRILLS & MYSTERY!

NOW APPEARING IN

AMAZING MYSTERY FUNNIES

IN FULL COLOR!

Speed CENTAUR
by MALCOLM KILDARE

AT YOUR FAVORITE
NEWSSTAND
NOW!
10¢

The FANTOM
of the FAIR
by RAY PRICE

September 1939 - Volume 1, Number 6. AMAZING MAN COMICS is published monthly by Comic Corporation of America, 29 Washington St., Springfield, Mass. Editorial and Executive Offices: 250 Fifth Avenue, New York, N. Y. Application for entry as second class matter at Springfield, Mass., pending. Single copies 10¢; annual subscription \$1.00. Copyright 1939 by Comic Corporation of America. No actual person is named or delineated in this action magazine. Content must not be reproduced without permission.

Printed in U. S. A.

THE AMAZING-MAN



AMAN, KNOWN TO HIS ENEMIES BY MANY ALIASES, THE MOST TERRIFYING OF WHICH IS "THE GREEN MIST".....

25 YEARS AGO, IN THE DISMAL COUNTRY OF TIBET, THE COUNCIL OF SEVEN CHOSE AN ORPHAN OF SUPERB PHYSICAL STRUCTURE, AND EACH DID HIS PART TO DEVELOP IN THIS CHILD ALL THE CHARACTERISTICS OF A MAN WHO WOULD DOMINATE THE WORLD OF MEN BY HIS STRENGTH, KNOWLEDGE, AND COURAGE.

MATURE NOW, THE AMAZING MAN, AMAN, SITS CHAINED BEFORE THE COUNCIL, WAITING FOR HIS FINAL TESTS, BEFORE SETTING FORTH INTO THE OUTSIDE WORLD.

SIX OF THE COUNCIL HAVE ENDOWED HIM WITH THE BENEFITS OF KINDNESS AND TOLERANCE AND BRAVERY, BUT A SEVENTH, "THE GREAT QUESTION," COVETS PLANS OF DIRE EVIL FOR THE PERFECT BOY....

IN THE COUNCIL CHAMBER, A SLEEP-RAY HOLDS THE LAD MOTIONLESS...



GENTLEMEN!



THE TIME HAS AT LAST ARRIVED WHEN WE MUST QUALIFY OUR EFFORTS OF THE PAST QUARTER OF A CENTURY... OUR CHILD PRODIGY SHALL NOW PROVE HIS STATION AS AN AMAZING SPECIMEN OF ULTRA-MANHOOD. PREPARE HIM FOR THE FIRST TEST!



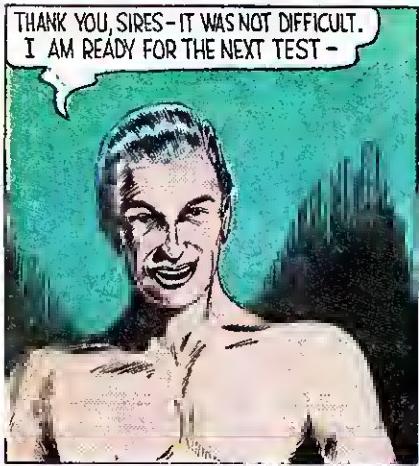
I, THE STRONGEST MAN IN TIBET, HAVE PREPARED THE FIRST EXAMINATION OF YOUR PHYSICAL STRENGTH - YOU ARE REQUIRED TO SUPPRESS THE STRENGTH OF AN ELEPHANT!



WELL DONE, LAD! HE IS NO MATCH FOR YOU - YOU HAVE BEGUN WELL-



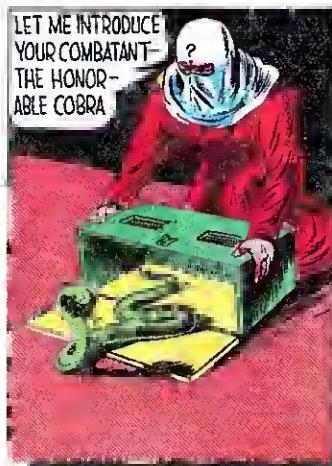
THANK YOU, Sires - IT WAS NOT DIFFICULT.
I AM READY FOR THE NEXT TEST -



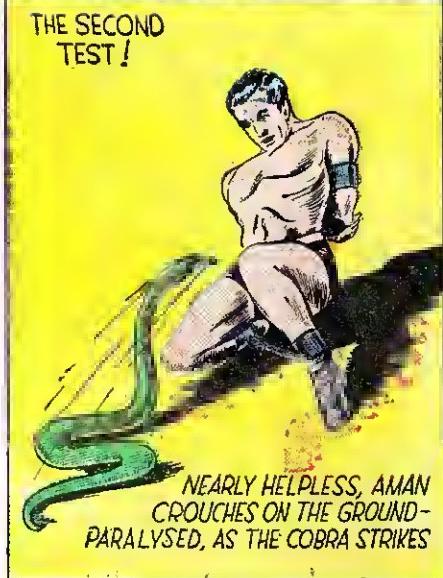
THE NEXT, A MAN, IS NOT SO EASY.
YOU ARE TO BE CHAINED, HAND AND FOOT, AND MUST FIGHT A DEATH STRUGGLE WITH THE DEADLIEST OF OUR ENEMIES -



LET ME INTRODUCE
YOUR COMBATANT -
THE HONORABLE COBRA



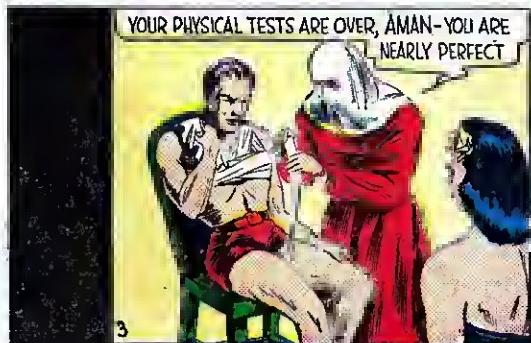
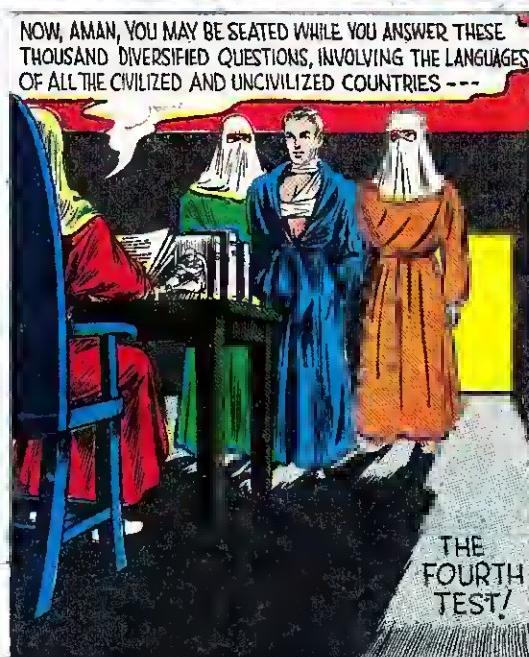
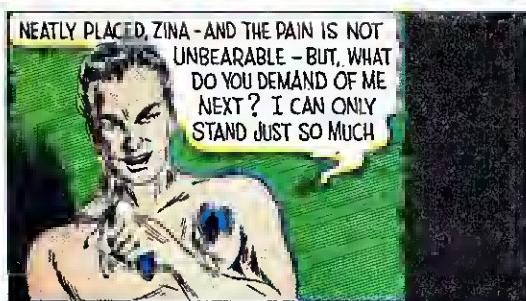
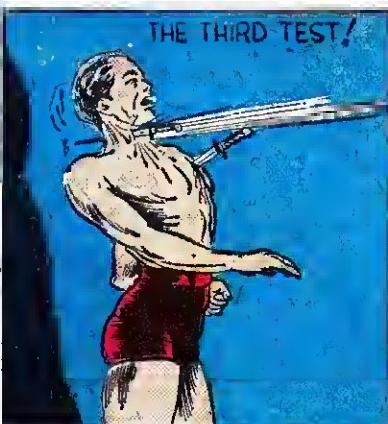
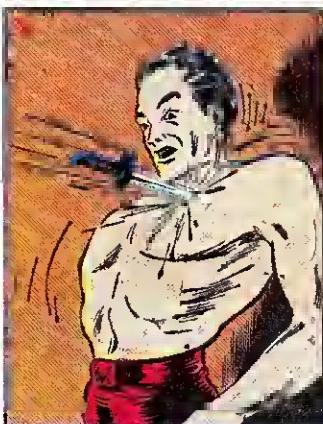
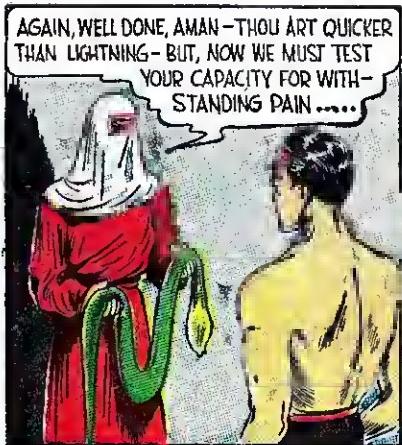
THE SECOND TEST!

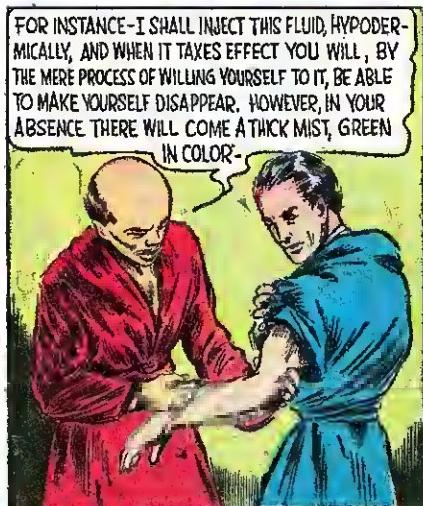
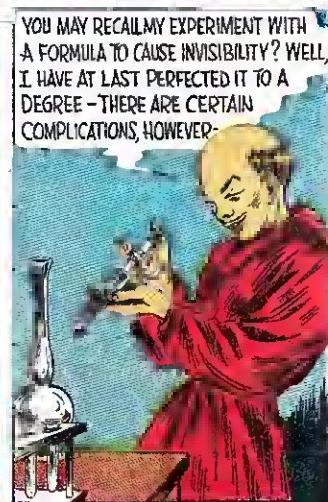
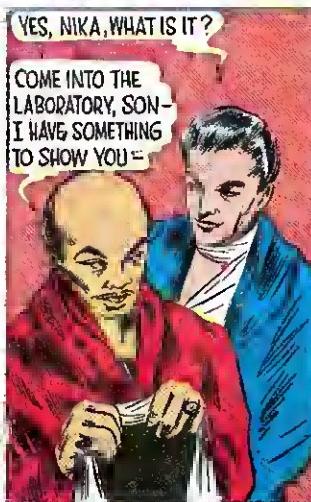
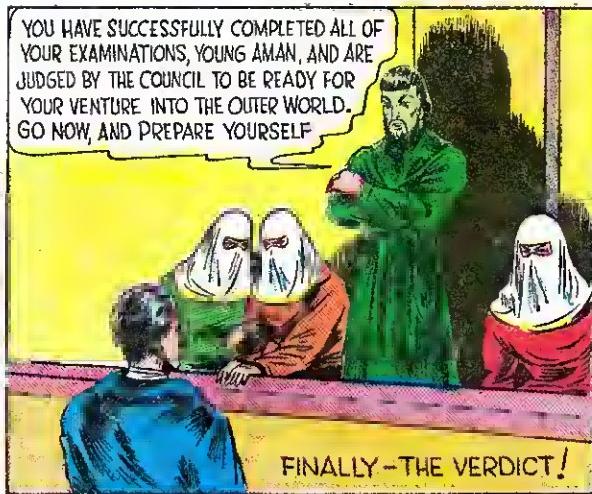
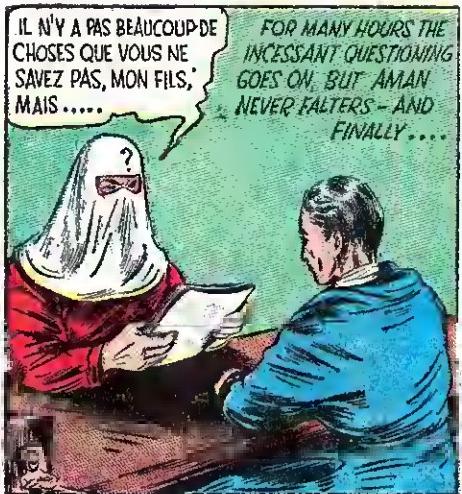


NEARLY HELPLESS, AMAN CROUCHES ON THE GROUND - PARALYSED, AS THE COBRA STRIKES



BUT, WITH THE SPEED AND PRECISION OF A MONGOOSE,
AMAN STRIKES AT THE SAME INSTANT!





EXCELLENT, AMAN! MY FORMULA IS A SUCCESS - NOW, PLEASE, BRING YOURSELF BACK TO VISIBILITY - JUST IMAGINE YOURSELF IN SOLID FORM, AND YOU WILL BE!



GOOD, MY BOY - I WILL GIVE YOU A VIAL OF THIS FLUID, WHICH YOU MUST TAKE FAITHFULLY ONCE EVERY WEEK - NEVER FORGET - AND THERE IS ONE MORE THING...



YOU MUST ALWAYS REMEMBER YOUR PROMISE TO ME - TO ALWAYS DO GOOD, AND NEVER MALITIOUSLY HARM A BROTHER HUMAN WITHOUT JUST CAUSE - GO NOW, MY BOY - YOUR SHIP IS WAITING



SO! NIKA HAS MADE HIM PROMISE TO "DO GOOD," AS HE SO QUAINLY PUTS IT! WELL - I SHALL CORRECT THAT. AMAN SHALL DO ALWAYS AS I

COMMAND HIM - HE CANNOT ESCAPE MY TELEPATHIC INFLUENCE!!



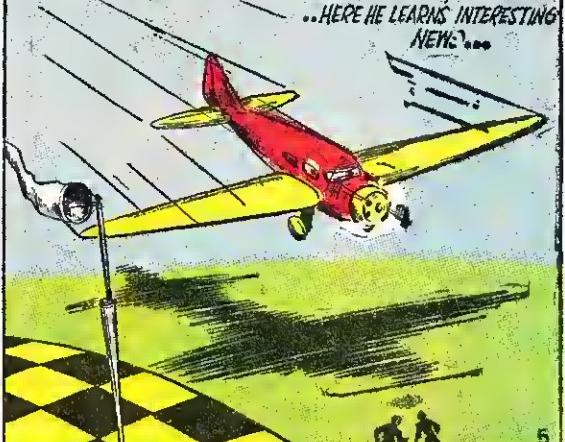
LATER, UNCONSCIOUS OF "THE GREAT QUESTION'S" EVIL PLANS FOR HIS WELFARE, AMAN RECEIVES THE HIGH LAMA'S PARTING BLESSING AND BOARDS HIS PLANE.



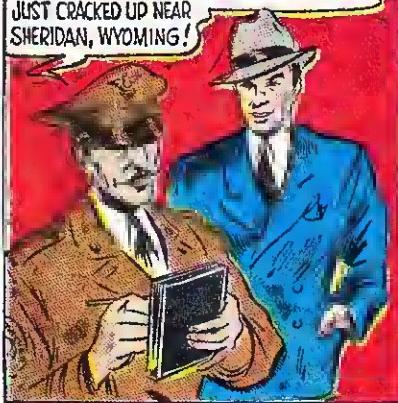
FOR MANY HOURS THE LITTLE SHIP HUMS EASTWARD OVER MANCHURIQ AND OUT OVER THE PACIFIC, STOPPING ONLY TO REFUEL



AFTER AN UNEVENTFUL PASSAGE ACROSS THE SEA, AMAN PILOTS HIS PLANE TO A GENTLE LANDING IN SEATTLE, WASHINGTON. ...HERE HE LEARNS INTERESTING NEWS...



"JUST IN FROM CHINA, EH? GUESS YOU HAVEN'T HEARD ABOUT THE WRECK ON THE UNION-PORT WESTERN LINE, THEN? THE CRACK STREAMLINER JUST CRACKED UP NEAR SHERIDAN, WYOMING!"



BACK IN HIS SHIP, SOARING EASTWARD AGAIN, A MAN DECIDES, ON A HUNCH, TO INVESTIGATE THE WRECK.

IN A FEW HOURS HE DARTS DOWN OVER THE JUMBLE OF TWISTED STEEL



AND SETTLES THE LITTLE PLANE ON AN ADJACENT CLEARING

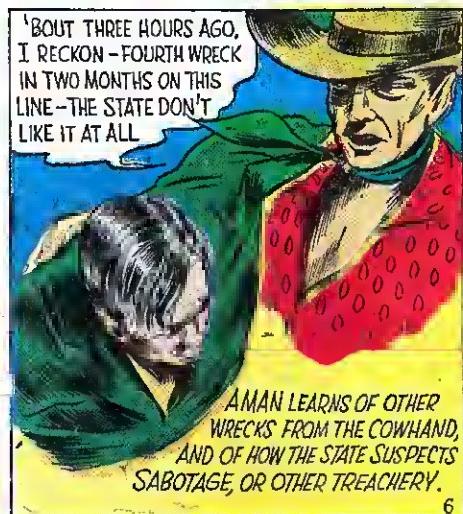


HERE, PARDNER - GIVE US A HAND WITH THIS 'ERE LAD

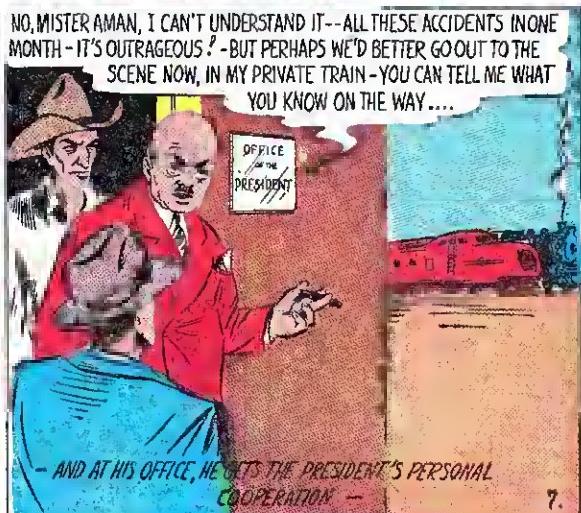
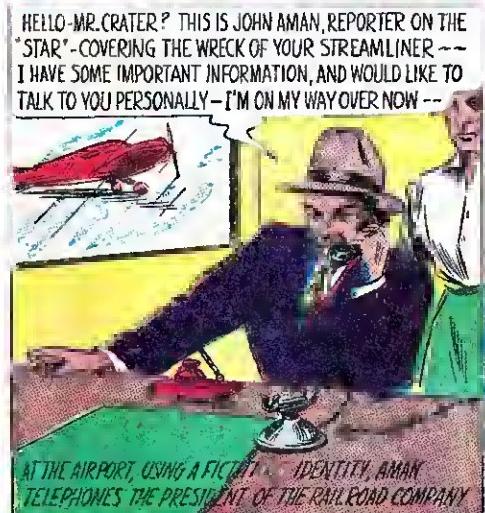
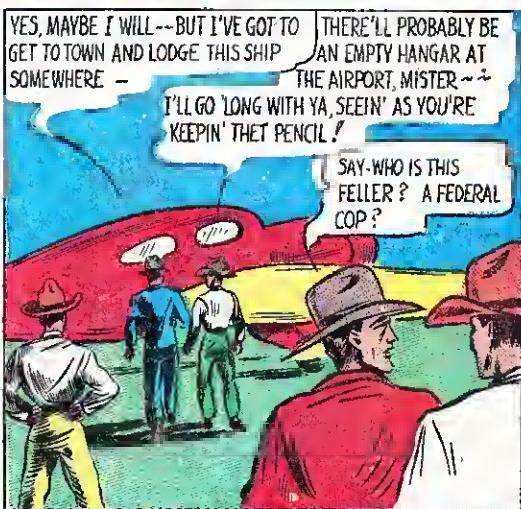
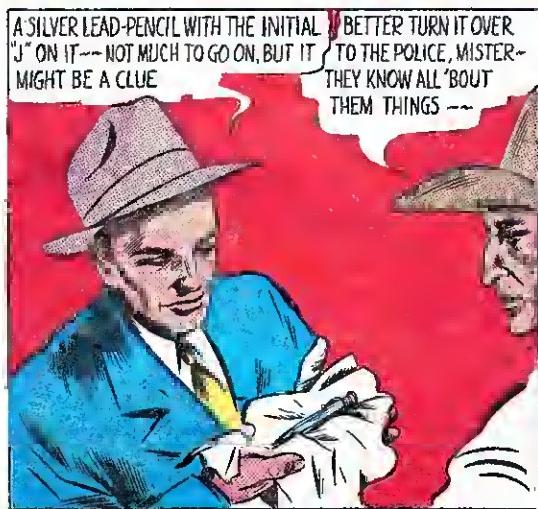
SURE THING, COWBOY - HOW LONG AGO DID THESE TRAINS CRACK UP?

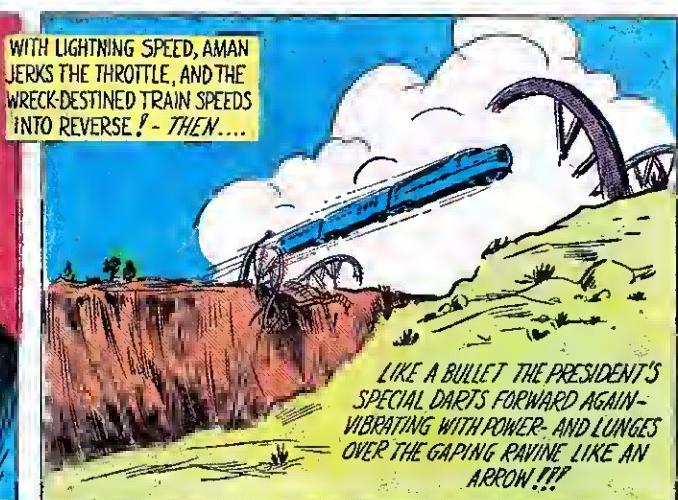
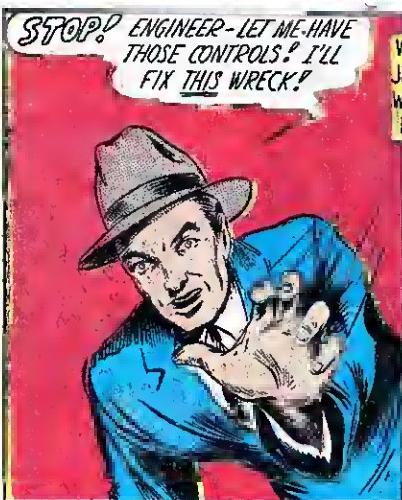
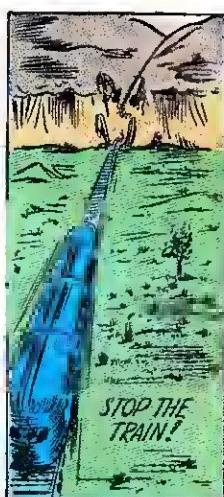


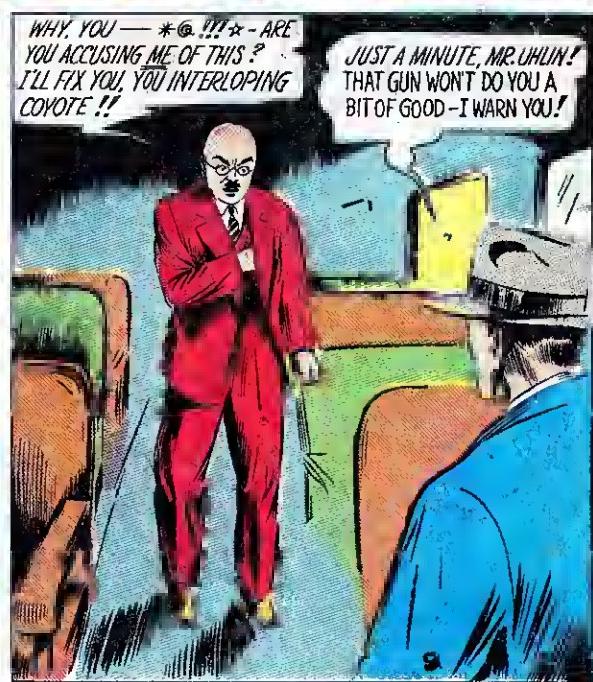
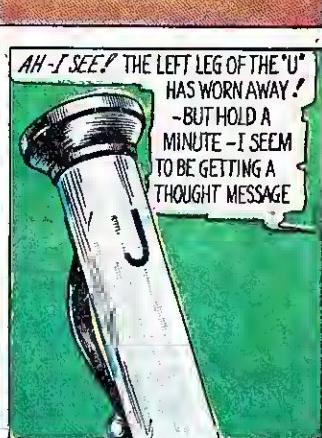
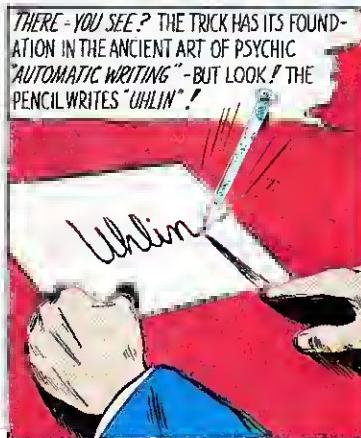
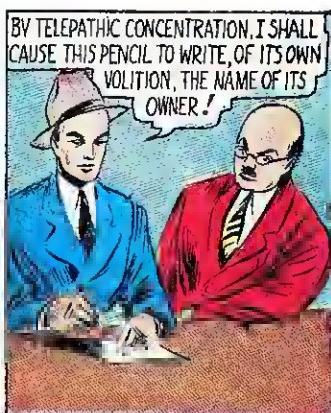
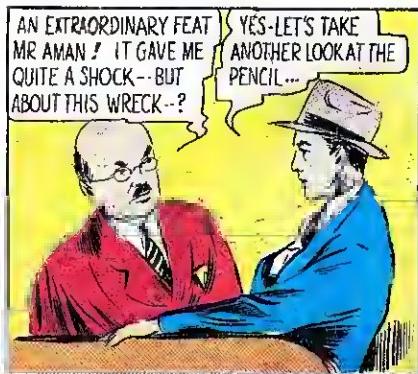
'BOUT THREE HOURS AGO, I RECKON - FOURTH WRECK IN TWO MONTHS ON THIS LINE - THE STATE DON'T LIKE IT AT ALL



AMAN LEARNS OF OTHER WRECKS FROM THE COWHAND, AND OF HOW THE STATE SUSPECTS SABOTAGE, OR OTHER TREACHERY.







OH, IT WON'T, EH? WELL, MR. AMAN, THE RAILROAD DOESN'T NEED THE LIKES OF YOU BUTTING INTO ITS AFFAIRS! SAY YOUR PRAYERS, MR. AMAN!!!



OH NO - WE'RE NOT SAYING GOODBYE YET! YOU HAVE A DEBT TO PAY FIRST!



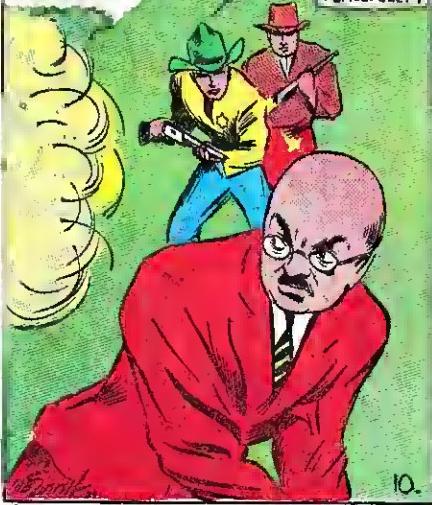
FASTER THAN LIGHTNING,
AMAN LEAPS INTO ACTION!

AND WITH A POWERFUL BLOW, SENDS THE CRIMINAL PRESIDENT SPROWLING TO THE FLOOR!

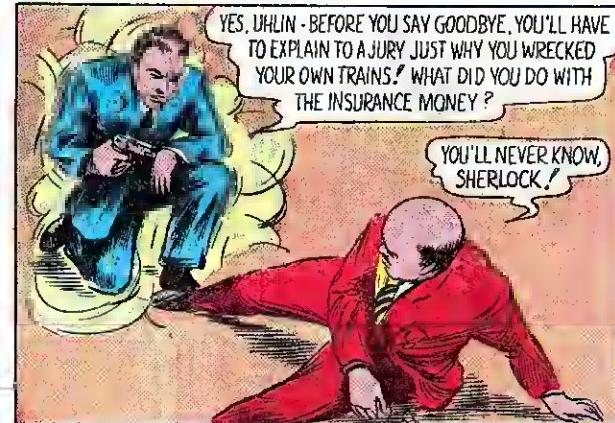


PARDON ME WHILE I FADE OUT, UHLIN! TELL THESE LADS ABOUT IT!

ALL RIGHT, CRATER - WE HEARD YOU! WILL YOU COME PEACEFULLY?



10.



YES, UHLIN - BEFORE YOU SAY GOODBYE, YOU'LL HAVE TO EXPLAIN TO A JURY JUST WHY YOU WRECKED YOUR OWN TRAINS! WHAT DID YOU DO WITH THE INSURANCE MONEY?

YOU'LL NEVER KNOW, SHERLOCK!



NEVER!
CRASH!

TOO BAD, OLD BOY - WELL, THAT FINISHES THAT!



AND SO - AMAN HAS STARTED HIS WORLD-WIDE CRUSADE AGAINST CRIME - BUT WHAT OF THE "GREAT QUESTION"? WILL HIS INFLUENCE DOMINATE AMAN IN THE NEXT ADVENTURE? WATCH FOR IT IN THE NEXT ISSUE OF "AMAZING MAN COMICS"!

The CAT MAN



BY THOMAS HULLS

IN THE SUMPTUOUS OFFICE OF STEVE HARRIGAN, BOSS POLITICIAN--

WHA--WHO? BARTON STONE?
WELL--THIS IS A SURPRISE! WHERE HAVE-ER-WHEN DID YOU GET OUT?

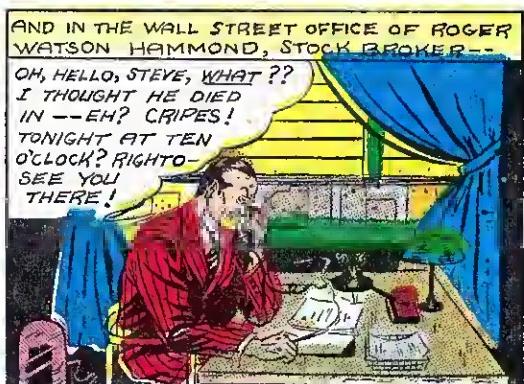


WELL, YUH SEE, OLD MAN,
I-ER-HAVE AN IMPORTANT
MEETING AT THE--
HUH?? OH-ER-
O.K. YEH! I'LL
GET IN TOUCH
WITH THE
OTHERS!



AND IN THE WALL STREET OFFICE OF ROGER WATSON HAMMOND, STOCK BROKER--

OH, HELLO, STEVE, WHAT ??
I THOUGHT HE DIED
IN --EH? CRIES!
TONIGHT AT TEN
O'CLOCK? RIGHTO-
SEE YOU THERE!



AND IN THE HANDSOME REAL ESTATE
OFFICES OF LIONEL BLACK.

YES, STEVE-- GOOD GOD!! YOU
MEAN HE -- OH, TONIG
AT TEN O'CLOCK?
HMM, MAYBE. WE
CAN DISPOSE OF HIM
SOME WAY, EH?
YES, I'LL BE
THERE!!



NOW LOOK, WE GOT NOTHIN' TO BE
SCARED ABOUT. WE'LL GIVE HIM HIS SHARE
OF THE DOUGH AND MEbbe A LITTLE
EXTRA. WHY, IT AINT OUR FAULT
IF HIS --



- THAT EVENING WHEN THEY MET-

GOOD EVENING,
GENTLEMEN! WELL--
YOU DON'T SEEM VERY
ENTHUSIASTIC ABOUT
SEEING ME AFTER
ALL THESE TWENTY
LONG YEARS!!



1. ---A "STRANGER" CALLED...

WHY, BART, OLD BOY,
SURE WE'RE GLAD TO
SEE YUH! TICKLED
T'DEATH! IT'S
JUST THAT-ER--

THAT YOU DIDN'T
EXPECT TO
SEE ME
ALIVE!



WELL -- A LOT OF WATER UNDER THE BRIDGE SINCE YOU WERE CALLED 'CHUCK' HARRIGAN -- AND OUR OLD FRIEND, 'BLACKIE', BIG REAL ESTATE MAN NOW, EH?



AND OF COURSE -- 'SLICK' HAMMOND! MY, MY -- YOU GENTLEMEN CERTAINLY MADE PROGRESS DURING THESE PAST TWENTY YEARS!!



HERE, LEMME GIVE YUH A SWIG A THIS, BART -- SAY HOW'S ABOUT A LITTLE CELEBRATION, WADDAYA SAY, FELLERS?

SORT OF A COMING-OUT PARTY, EH?



BUT I'M NOT INTERESTED IN CELEBRATIONS, I'M INTERESTED IN --

YEH! YEH! YUH GOT NOTHIN' TO WORRY ABOUT, BART! WE KEPT YOUR DOUGH FOR YUH! A NICE LITTLE NEST EGG THAT'S BEEN COLLECTIN' INTEREST EVER SINCE YUH --



I'M NOT WORRIED ABOUT THE MONEY! WHAT I WANT TO KNOW IS--WHAT HAPPENED TO MY WIFE?



NOW, BART, OLD BOY, TAKE IT EAS --

DON'T "BART, OLD BOY" ME -- YOU MISERABLE LYING SKUNKS! YOU LET HER DIE IN MISERY AND POVERTY WHILE I TOOK THE 'RAP' FOR YOU -- SERVING TWENTY LONG YEARS OF MY LIFE IN JAIL!!



PUT UP THE HARDWARE, SLICK; DON'T MAKE ME LAUGH! I HAVE A LITTLE GADGET IN MY POCKET THAT WILL BLOW EVERY BLASTED ONE OF YOU TO ETERNITY!



BUT I'M NOT GOING TO DO IT THAT WAY -- I'M GOING TO PICK YOU OFF ONE BY ONE AND I'LL NEVER HAVE TO SERVE ANOTHER HOUR IN JAIL FOR IT, EITHER! I'LL LEAVE YOU WITH THAT PLEASANT THOUGHT, GENTLEMEN -- REMEMBER YOUR DAYS ARE NUMBERED!!



ONE YEAR LATER...IN AN ARISTOCRATIC OLD BROWN STONE
HOUSE, AN ELDERLY LADY RECEIVES A VISITOR ...

DEAR, DEAR, IT'S PERFECTLY LOVELY OF YOU TO
VISIT ME PERSONALLY, MR. HARRIGAN! AS I
WROTE YOU, I'M THINKING OF HAVING MY LAWYER
DRAW UP A WILL LEAVING MY ESTATE TO
YOUR CHARITY
ORGANIZATION!

YOU SEE,
I'M GETTING
ON IN YEARS
AND --

NOW, NOW, MA'AM, LET'S HOPE
YUH LIVE T'B'E A HUNDRED--
BUT--LIKE I SAY, YUH
COULDNT LEAVE YER
DOUGH TO A BETTER
CAUSE!

WELL, I'LL BE SEEIN' YUH, MA'AM, AN IF YUH
NEED A LAWYER -- OWW, LEGGO!

MERCY! DID HE SCRATCH YOU?
DEAR, DEAR--NAUGHTY PUSSY!

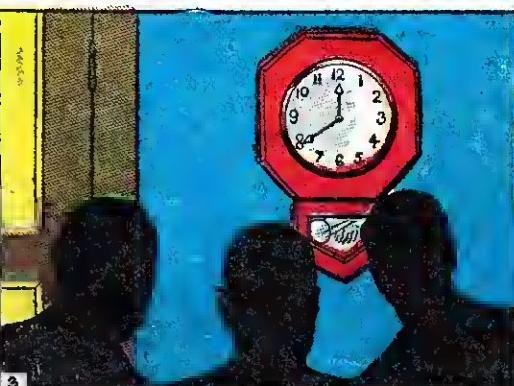
H-MM! I'D BETTER
WASH YOUR CLAWS!
TEE-HEE! NAUGHTY
PUSSY!!

THE NEXT NIGHT...

WELL, FELLERS, I RUN
INTO A SWELL PIECE A LUCK
YESTIDAY--SOME OLD
JANE --

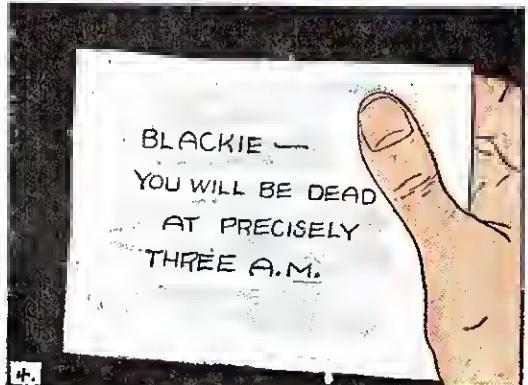
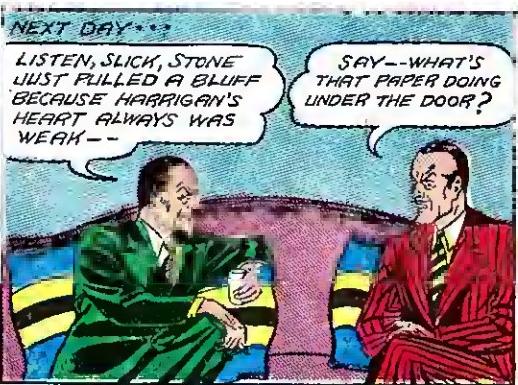
SAY! WAIT--
SOMEONE JUST
THREW A NOTE
IN THE
WINDOW!

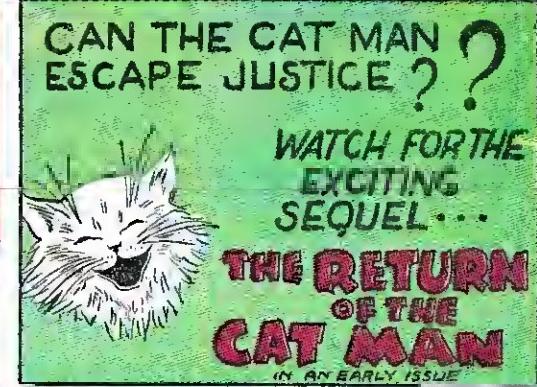
CHUCK HARRIGAN,
YOU WILL BE DEAD
AT TWELVE OCLOCK
MIDNIGHT!



YUH GONNA STICK BY
ME NOW, FELLERS?
YUH AINT GONNA RUN
OUT ON ME NOW, FELLERS,
ARE YUH?

SURE, CHUCK, WE'LL
STICK AROUND!
AND WE'LL BE
READY, TOO

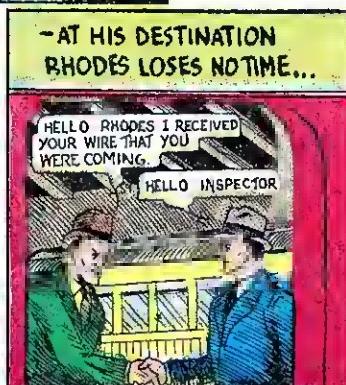


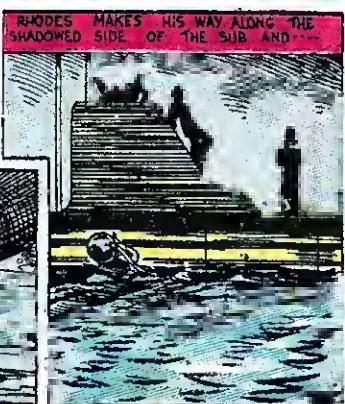
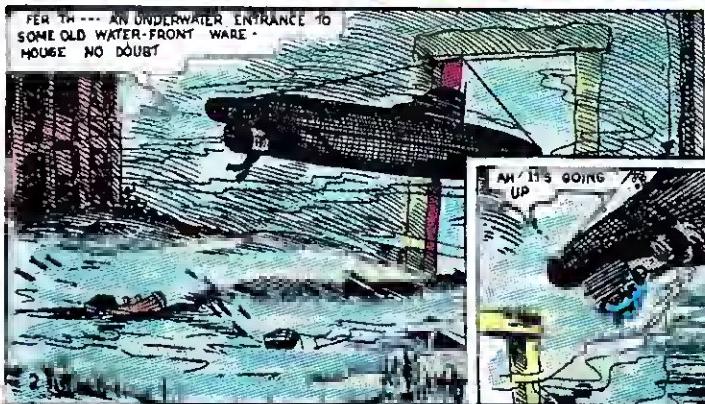


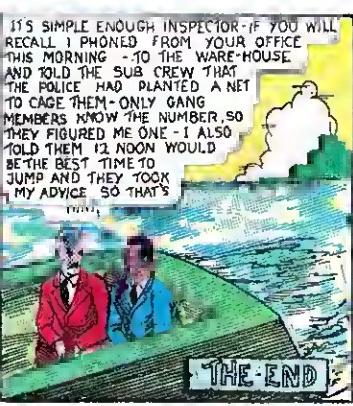
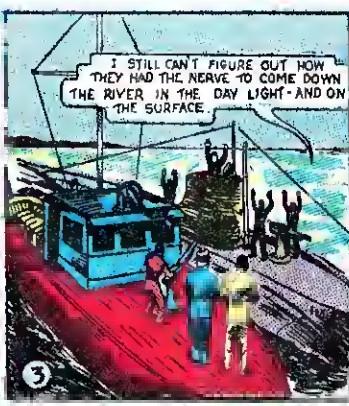
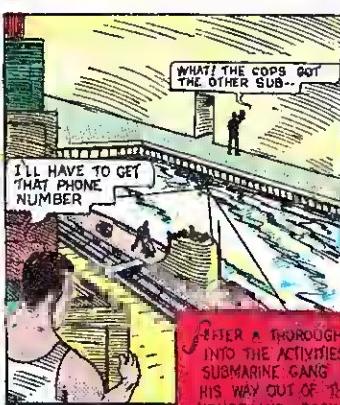
a
COMPLETE
STORY

RIVER SUBS

Featuring
Jack Rhodes
by
RILEY

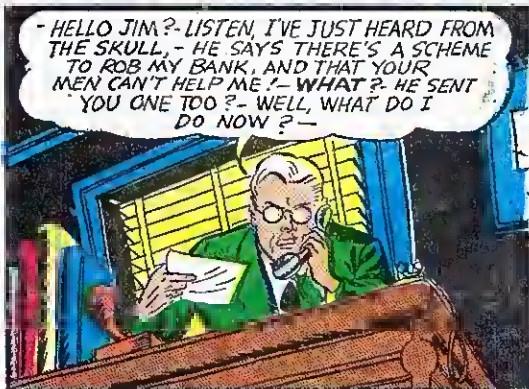
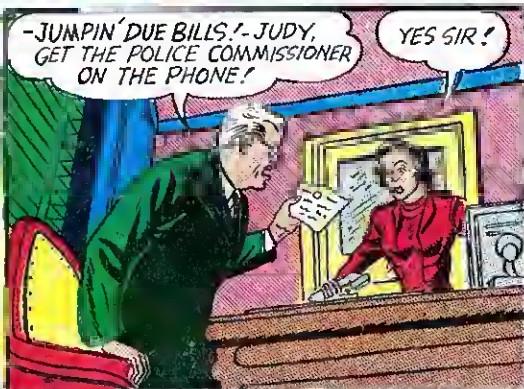
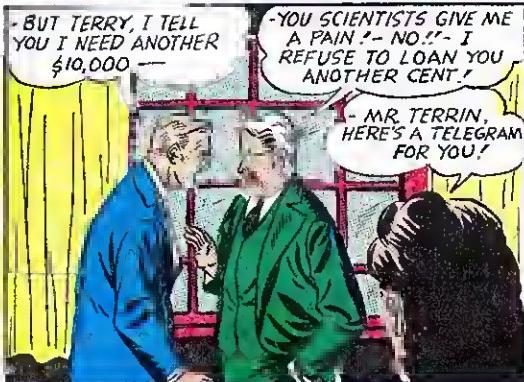






THE IRON SKULL

by
CARL BURGOS



AS THE GUARD AT THE SERVICE ENTRANCE TURNS, ONE OF THE FIGURES LETS LOOSE A SPURT OF HIGH VOLTAGE ELECTRICITY.



-THEN MOVING WITH EASE THE TWO ROBOTS ENTER THE BANK PROPER, AND INSTANTLY SQUIRT A GREEN GAS THAT IMMEDIATELY BECKONS THE INNOCENT BYSTANDERS TO A MOST HORRIBLE END !



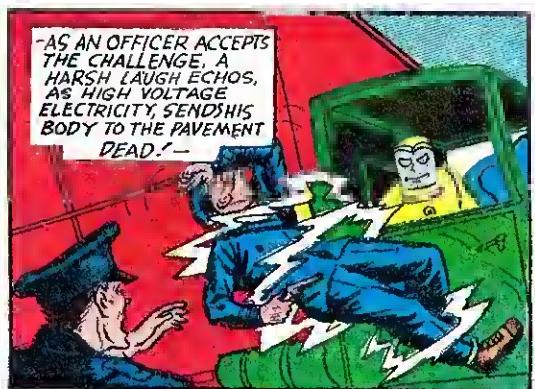
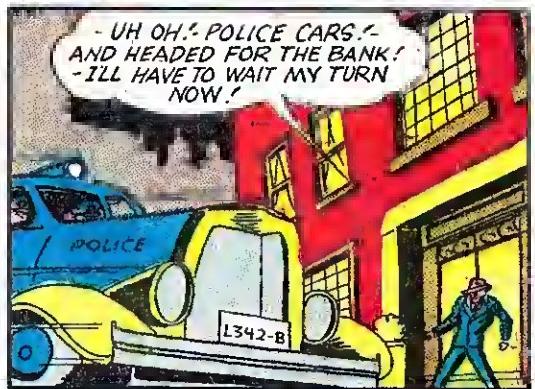
INSIDE TERRIN'S OFFICE.

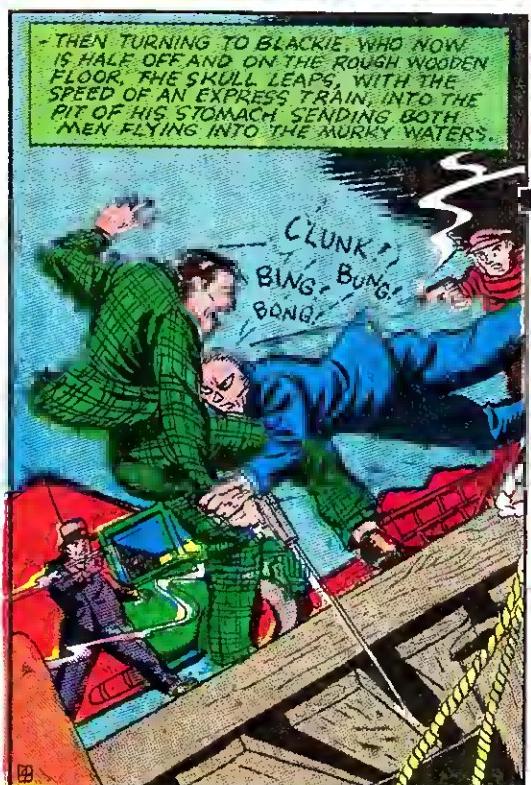
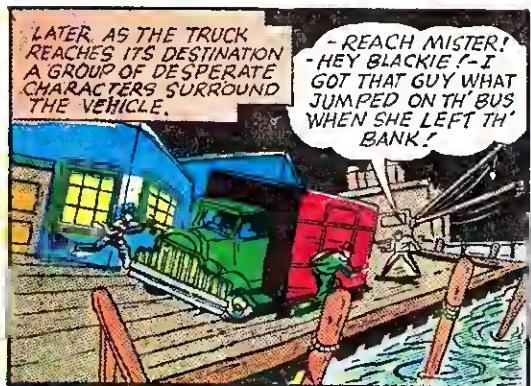
HMM-M-M... I WONDER WHAT ALL THAT COMMOTION OUTSIDE IS ABOUT -



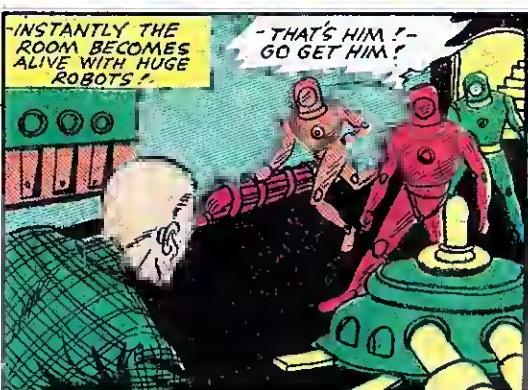
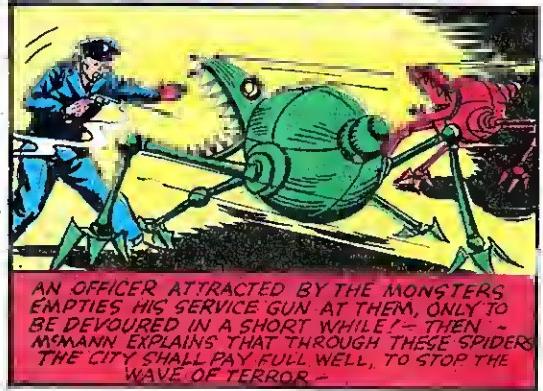
-IT'S GOT A TIME LOCK!
-OH WELL, I WAS PREPARED FOR THAT!





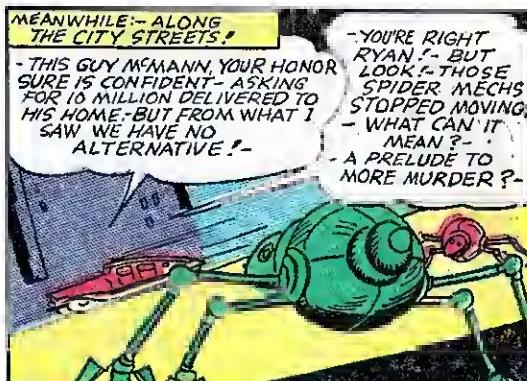








-AND THEN TURNING BACK TO THE ROBOTS, HE CUTS LOOSE WITH A COMPACT ANNUD COMPTOD MACHINE CONCEALED UP HIS SLEEVE - THE RESULTS ARE IMMEDIATE, AS THE ELECTRONIC RAYS PENETRATE THE MECHS STEEL PLATES WRECKING THE INSIDE MECHANISMS -



STRANGER THAN FICTION

IT HAS BEEN ESTIMATED THAT MORE THAN ONE-THIRD OF THE PEOPLE IN RUSSIA STILL DO NOT KNOW THAT CZARIST RULE HAS ENDED...



ALL LIONS BECOME PANIC-STRIKEN, RUN AWAY, WHEN THEY SEE SPIDERS.

THE LADY WHO HAS PLAYED CROQUET EVERY DAY FOR 32 YEARS—
MRS. JAMES GREER,
WIFE OF THE
MAYOR OF GREENPORT,
MISSISSIPPI...

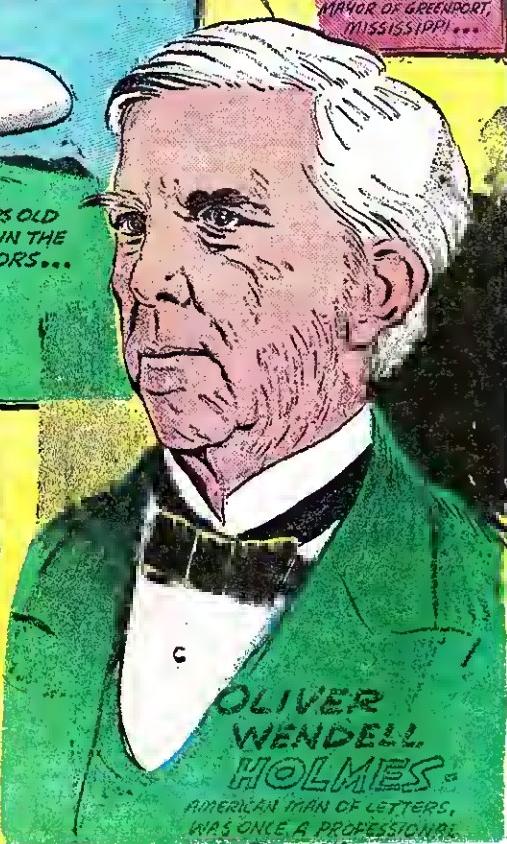
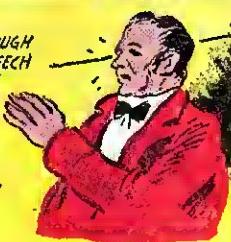


HENRY LEWIS OF SAVILLE, NEW YORK, A PROFESSIONAL FLOWER-GROWER, GREW A ROSE-PLANT IN HIS HAIR—1924.



•SKIS• 6,000 YEARS OLD HAVE BEEN FOUND IN THE SWEDISH MOORS...

THE MAN WHO WAS SHOT THROUGH THE HEAD WHILE MAKING A SPEECH (THE BULLET ENTERED JUST ABOVE HIS RIGHT EYE, CAME OUT BACK OF HIS LEFT EAR) AND WENT ON SPEAKING, NEVER SUFFERED ANY PAIN OR ILL EFFECTS... JOSEPH FRANKLIN, RICHMOND, VIRGINIA, 1862.



OLIVER WENDELL HOLMES—AMERICAN MAN OF LETTERS, WAS ONCE A PROFESSIONAL JOCKEY...



THE TIGER WHICH IS KNOWN TO HAVE KILLED 122 PERSONS—BORITAN, INDIA, 1891-96.

The tiger was in the habit of raiding small villages, killing and carrying off women and children. Curiously, it killed only one man.

Lewis combed his hair with dirt, planted seed, raised roses within four months by forcing. He still has three of the roses pressed in a book.

STRANGER THAN FICTION

THE CAT WHICH SUCKLED SIX RATS--ON HENRY MORTONSON'S FARM IN SALT VALLEY, IDAHO!

!!



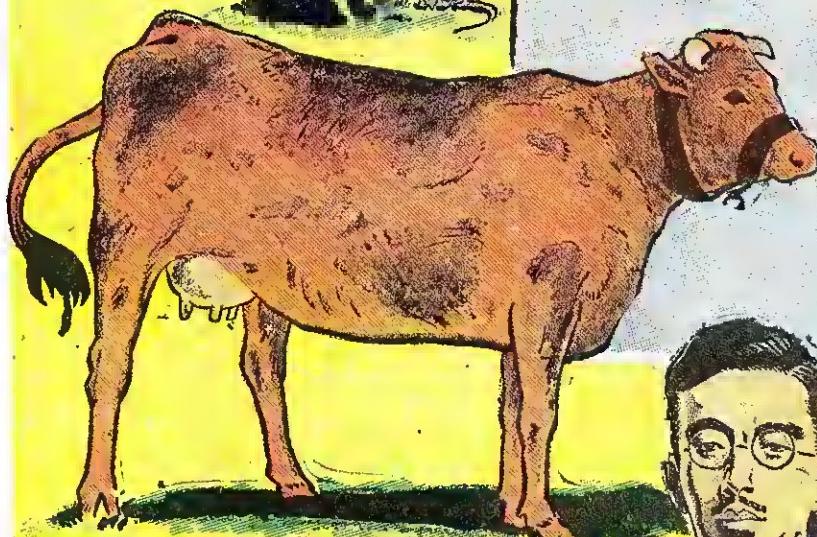
THE MINISTER WHO RETIRED AT THE AGE OF 73 TO BECOME A VETERINARIAN--THE REV. MARTIN BLUE, HINDERHOOK, NEW YORK, 1906...

•BLUENOSE-

IS THE ONLY TOWN IN KANSAS WHICH VOTED AGAINST PROHIBITION IN THE 1914 STATE REFERENDUM!



HENRY RAUVIGOTTI REMARRIED HIS "WIDOW" 22 YEARS AFTER HIS OWN "DEATH," ROME, ITALY 1920...



GEORGE DUDLEY OF OTTAWA, SERVED IN FRANCE WITH THE CANADIAN ARMY FOR SEVEN MONTHS BEFORE AUTHORITIES DISCOVERED THAT HE WAS ONLY 13 YEARS OLD--AND SENT HIM HOME. (1915-16)

THERE ARE STILL 2,700 COWS WITHIN THE LIMITS OF NEW YORK CITY.



THE SERMON THAT LASTED 12 HOURS AND 10 MINUTES--AT WASHINGTON, D.C., JUNE 4, 1931--PREACHED BY THE REV. G.Z. BROWN OF MOUNT ZION BAPTIST CHURCH...HE SAID 88,794 WORDS, ESTABLISHING A WORLD RECORD. (THANKS--DONALD COATES)



TWO-FIFTHS OF THE MOON'S SURFACE HAS NEVER BEEN SEEN FROM THE EARTH...



MRS. CLARISSA BONILLA OF NAPLES, ITALY, HAD THREE SETS OF TWINS IN 25 MONTHS--1931-33.

NO HUMAN HAND MAY TOUCH THE EMPEROR OF JAPAN...WHICH MAKES IT HARD FOR DENTISTS, DOCTORS AND BARBERS. TAILORS MUST MEASURE SUITS BY GUESSING!



Drawn by Walter G. Gall

WALTER G. GALL

Young Dudley saw more than a month of action, would have been decorated for heroism had he remained with his regiment two months longer. Curious feature of the case was that Dudley was no large for his age, looked like a boy of 13.

THE TRAGIC NOTE

An Amazing Man Story

What Can You Do With a Powerful Voice? A man Was Given The Test That Stilled a Life ...

By Matty Point



"A MAN", the beautiful creature asked the Amazing Man, "won't you please sing for us that Cantata Unica? . . ."

Ordinarily, it would have been difficult to deny a girl such as this one the simple favor of singing a beautiful song, and we all expected Aman to begin.

"I don't think I can oblige you," replied Aman to the girl.

"Why, Aman!" the girl was plainly disappointed.

"Forgive me, but I cannot sing the Cantata. It is too awful . . ." explained Aman.

"But the Cantata is the most soothing and ethereal song in the universe," said the girl. "How can you, of all people, say it is awful?"

"I will explain," returned Aman, in his precise, musical voice.

Of course, we were all disappointed that Aman would not sing. The Amazing Man was gifted with a musical voice beyond the ordinary. Powerful, yet controlled, his voice would vibrate like an organ, or a fine violin. The Cantata Unica, which he had been asked to sing to us, he sung rarely, we all knew. That is why he was asked. It was the best of his songs, when he sang years back.

"I WILL explain," Aman had said. We all settled back, and listened. We were his guests, in the huge princely residence that was his retreat in the highest Himalayas. The air was crystal, and the beauty of the surrounding country, crowded with mountains higher than the Rockies, filled us with wonder and amazement.

We were on the large crystal-enclosed veranda overlooking the huge Star Valley.



Aman had his back to it, and faced us. His tall, handsome silhouette was outlined against a sky of pure blue metal. It was a tense moment as he began:

"WHEN I was still a student in Tibet land, I was required, as part of my extraordinary education, to learn the art of music. Perhaps it would be best to call it singing.

"My teachers, who were the wise men of the lofty mountains of Central Asia, taught me that the real music was everywhere in nature. My real teachers were the birds in the deep forests. There are no greater natural musicians than the birds.

"After that preliminary work, I was required to study the theory of music, its mathematics, and its special force and value in this world. That all came at once, and within a very short time, I had to cram a great deal of information.

"My teachers then had me pass a very strenuous test. There were five men who had to pass upon my qualifications as a musician, and I had to see each one separately, though they lived journeys apart.

"The first examiner satisfied himself that there wasn't a single bird note, or call that I didn't know, and that there didn't exist a musical sound, emitted by an animal, which I couldn't at once identify, in a musical way. I passed this first test.

The second examiner was interested in how much theory I had absorbed. We went over endless matters of scales, rhythm, transpositions, composition, trills, and what-nots. This test, too, I passed.

The third examiner wanted to be sure of my memory. He tried me with everything, I guess, that has ever been written in music. That was an easy test.

The fourth examiner desired to try my ability in creating music. That is, how well could I play a given instrument, or sing. How easily could I write original music, and play it? That one, too, was an easy test for me.

I hardly knew what the fifth test was going to be. It seemed to everything that could be desired had been asked of a musician! But I wearily trudged on to the fifth examiner, who lived in a retiring, distant place—so bleak and desolate that I wondered whether this test was one of courage, rather than music . . .

WHEN I entered the large room where my fifth examiner was awaiting, I found a meeting was in progress. At least it seemed that way, for along the far end of the room, a long table, like a judge's bench was surrounded by a group of men. There was a larger, stronger man presiding. And all of them wore long robes, and buried their heads deep in their bonneted capes.

"They seemed to be waiting for me, and only the larger man spoke. His voice was deep, unearthly:

"We are pleased Aman has come," announced the Voice: "We are ready for the last test!"

"Then, it was explained to me that here would be tested my Power—that is, the strength of my voice. An unusual test, about which I wondered.

"Deep in the shadows, to the left, I could dimly see a cowed figure. It was a frightened human being, of the type I had seen in the plains, during my journeys. He was strapped in what appeared to be a crude chair. There were wires, probably electric wires, connecting with the back and the arms. It was quite weird, and dim . . .

"Begin singing!" the Voice commanded. "Sing, the Cantata Unica, Aman!"

"Slowly, I began the beautiful notes of the Cantata. In the still, confined space like a cavern, where this group sat as though in judgment, my voice at first sounded thin, empty, and almost inadequate."

"I suppose that I gathered strength as I sang, for soon, the notes welled from my throat in full tones, and the cavern was filled with harmony."

"I couldn't help, somehow, watching the figure crouching in the chair, back in the dim corner to the left. Every one of my beautiful notes caused him an increased terror, and I wondered, for my sense of mind-reading hadn't yet been developed. In a way, I felt that man's life was dependent upon my singing, my voice . . .

"I sang on . . . Oh, I suppose I was inspired by the beauty of the song, by the weirdness of the place, and by the severity of the courtroom-like place. I sang with thunderous force, until it seemed that the very stones of the cavern would vibrate . . .

"Then, on a vigorous note, in the twelfth series of the cantabile, on notes 4, 193, 4, 194, and 4,195 (for I was required to give complete chord effects by splitting my voice in parts in this singing), the thing happened . . .

"As my voice lifted up higher, and higher and its power was shaking the very roof of the cavern, the helpless being in the chair began to twist and squirm, glaring at me with eyes appealing, and when I reached the peak, he slumped down, vanquished.

"I burdily finished the Cantata, and stood still awhile, not daring to look up. I was shaken, not with the effort which I had put into my singing, but by the tragedy which I knew I had precipitated, there, in the corner."

THE group around Aman was listening breathlessly.

"But tell us, Aman," insisted the girl who had first asked for the Cantata, "Why don't you want to sing the song for us today? All those things happened long ago . . ."

Aman, the Amazing Man, looked through all of us for a few moments. He was trying to tell us, by thought transference, what had happened in that cavern test, years back. For no mere words could convey exactly what he felt. It was *feeling*: words he wanted us to receive.

"My thought is telling you all . . ." Aman said. With his arms crossed on his chest, he stood there, still as the sky in back of him.

What we all saw, in our mind's eye, was Aman as he sang. Then the high notes, and the man in the corner . . . Then the tragic notes, and we *felt* the electric current as it surged through the unfortunate's body. And we knew that by some electric means, as Aman's voice reached a certain force, and a certain pitch, an electric relay switch was released. The very force of the voice did it. And the current flowed, to kill the crouching figure . . .

"Now," Aman said, "You all know why I shall never again sing the Cantata Unica . . . It was the fifth, and the fearful test!"

The End





THUNDERING BEATS OF THE GIANT WAR DRUM SENT A TERRIFYING MESSAGE
THROUGH THE WILD CONGO JUNGLE . . . A MESSAGE THAT A BRAVE

WHITE MAN HEARD—AND BEGAN TO INVESTIGATE!
A Thrilling Adventure Illustrated by Paul Gustavson — Episode 1

AT THE OUTPOST OF THE CONGO PATROL,
LABU, SERVANT OF "SANDY" THORNE, THE MOST
FEARED OF MAN IN THE PATROL BY THE NATIVES,
STANDS TENSELY IN FRONT OF THE OUTPOST.

THE JUNGLE IS MUCH TOO SILENT — TROUBLE BREWING! I DO NOT LIKE IT, TUAN.

ABU — LISTEN! THE DRUMS ARE BEATING IN THE EAST! WELL BE ABLE TO HEAR IT DISTINCTLY SOON.



YOU HAVE MORE NERVE THAN BRAINS, SANDY

THESE NATIVES FEAR ME MORE THAN THEIR MEDICINE MEN — THAT'S ONE ASSET I HAVE

JUNGLE BIG, TUAN, AND YES, LABU — WE'LL FIND IT — BUT IT MAY TAKE SOME TIME!



WEEKS LATER, AND MILES INLAND, SANDY AND LABU DRAW NEARER AND NEARER TO THE GREAT DRUM.



LOOK, LABU, SMOKE — WE'D BETTER SEE WHAT IT IS!



THIS SAFARIE COUNTRY — THEY ARE A PEACEFUL PEOPLE, TUAN.

I KNOW — AND THE KILANGA DISTRICT IS AFTER THIS! THEY WERE HEAD-HUNTERS BEFORE I CAME.



AN HOUR LATER, SANDY AND LABU COME UPON THE FLAMING VILLAGE OF ONE OF THE SAFARIE TRIBES.

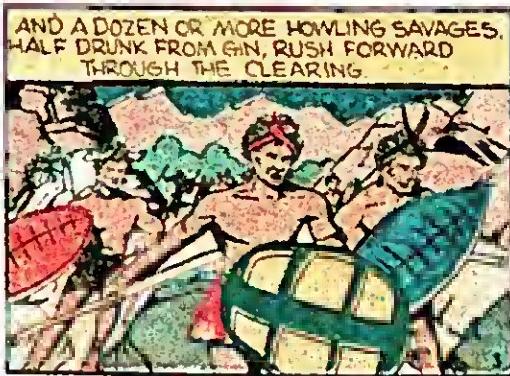
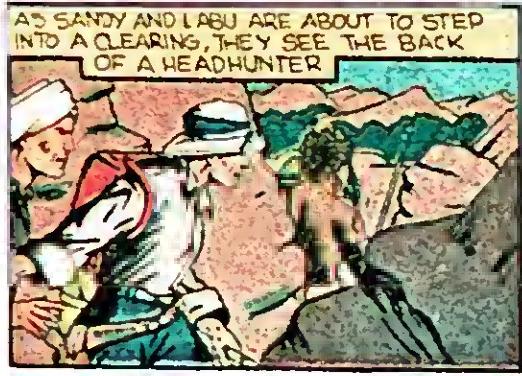
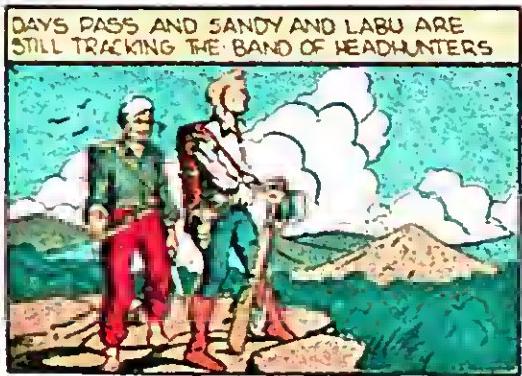


LOOK, TUAN, THE BODIES!

YES, HEADLESS — POOR DEVILS DIDN'T EVEN HAVE A FIGHTING CHANCE! CMON — WE HAVE TO PICK UP THEIR TRAIL!



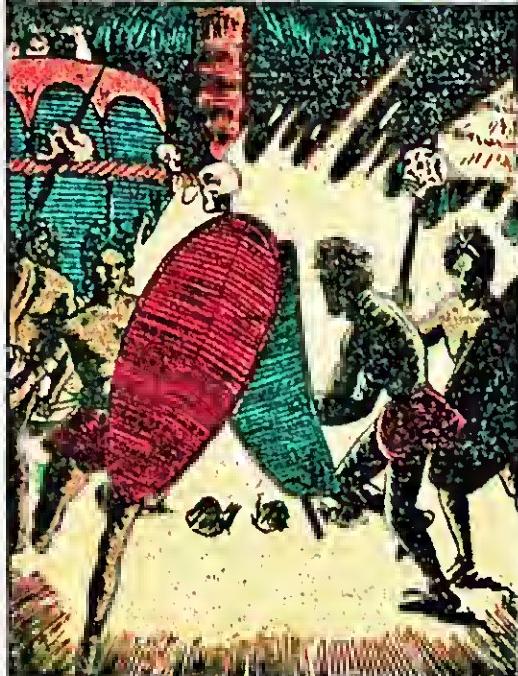
LABU — AN EMPTY BOTTLE OF SIN!



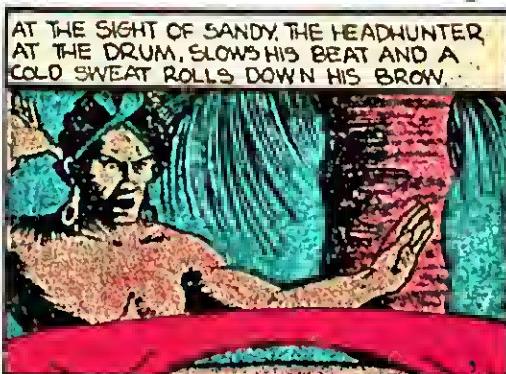
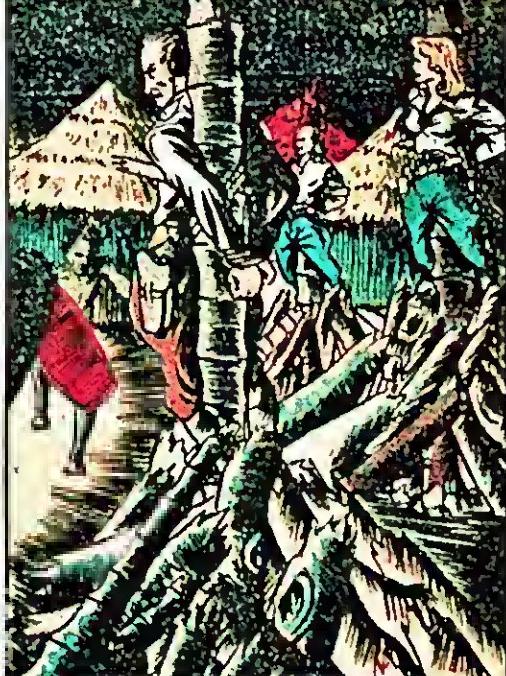


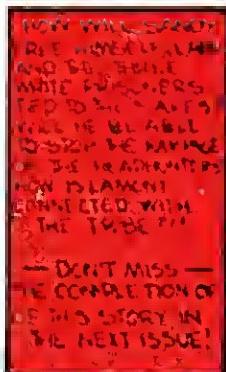
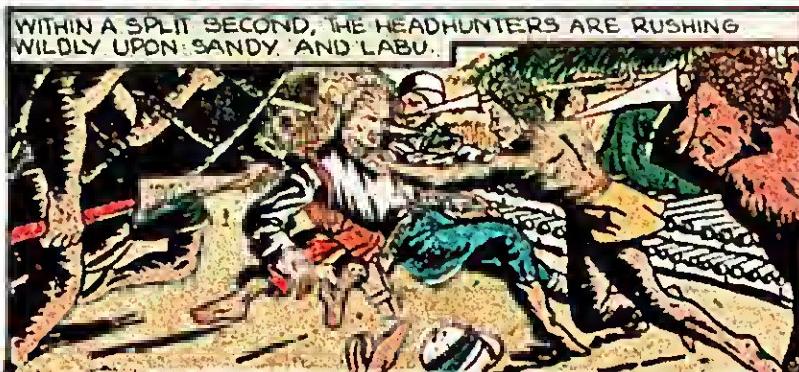
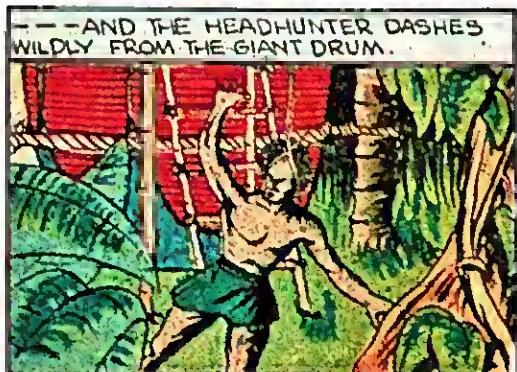


AS THEY DRAW NEARER, SANDY AND LABU SEE THE HEADHUNTERS DANCING WILDLY ABOUT A ROARING FIRE.



A FEW FEET FROM THE FIRE ARE THREE CAPTIVES TIED TO STAKES — ALL WHITE.



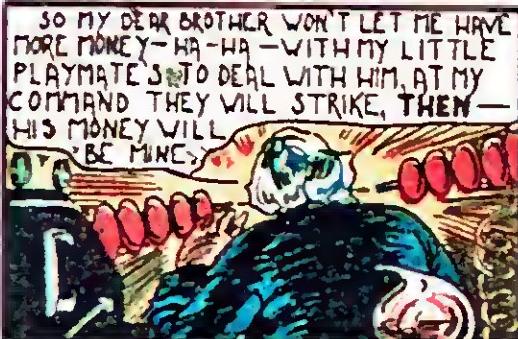


MINIMIDGET

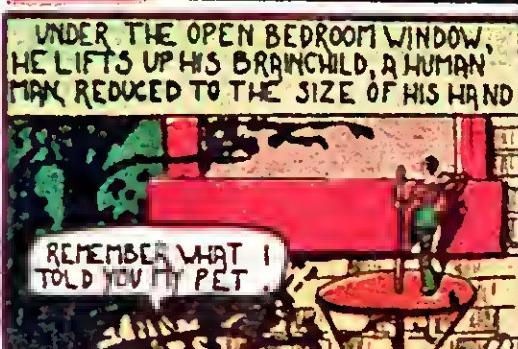
THE
MINIATURE MAN

BY JOHN F. KOLB

MINIMIDGET RHO
KITTY ARE ONLY
AS LARGE AS A
HUMAN HAND --
THEY WERE
REDUCED FROM
NORMAL PEOPLE
BY A MAD
SCIENTIST



YES, MY PET'S WITH THIS LITTLE
POISONED SWORD, AND I TO COMMAND YOU,
THE MONEY SHALL BE MINE, TO USE AS
I PLEASE.



HE CLIMBED UP, AND
CROSSED OVER THE
BED --- SWORD
IN HAND - -



-- FOLLOWING BARMELL'S
COMMAND, HE STABBED THE SLEEPING
MAN WITH THE POISONED SWORD --

-- SCURRIED OVER THE BED, AND
OUT TO HIS MASTER.

HEH--HEH--
TOMORROW WE WILL
FIND OUT HOW
SMART THE
COPS ARE.
HA-HA--
-HA -



THE NEXT DAY--THE COPS ARE BAFFLED
HE'S BEEN POISONED, BUT HOW --
-NOT A CLUE-

IT'S
A
MYSTERY
TO ME.

BACK IN BARMELL'S LABORATORY
WE FIND HIM IN A RAGE.

I'LL GET THEM, I'LL
GET THEM ALL,
THEY WON'T USE
MY MONEY.

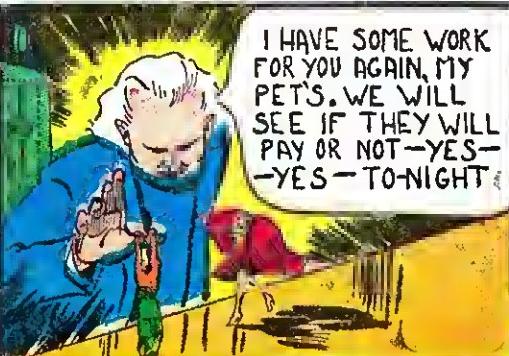


YOU SAY YOU HAVE A LETTER
DEMANDING MONEY, MR. JAMES, YOUR
PARTNER AND MISS DALE GOT ONE
ALSO, DONT PAY
IT--WE WILL
LOOK INTO THE
MATTER--
GOOD-DAY SIR
YES SIR, I
WILL.

(2)



I HAVE SOME WORK
FOR YOU AGAIN, MY
PET'S. WE WILL
SEE IF THEY WILL
PAY OR NOT--YES--
-YES - TO-NIGHT



THAT NIGHT POLICE CARS GO ROARING UP TO MR.JAMES HOUSE. MR.JAMES WAS DEAD--KILLED-- WITNESSED BY. THE MAID.



YES; WE THOUGHT HE HAD JUST FAINTED; BUT THE DOCTOR SAID YOU CALLED A DOCTOR FIRST. LOOKS LIKE THOSE LETTERS HE WAS DEAD MEANT --POISONED-- WHAT THEY SAID, AND NO FOOLING'



I WAS STANDING BY HIM--AND THE OTHER MAID ALSO--I NOTICED HE PUNCHED HIS LEG, THEN HE FELL

JUST BE A SPOOK

AND YOU SAW NOTHING ELSE



MEANWHILE BACK IN BARMELL'S LABORATORY

ME A GENIUS! STARVING, REVENGE IS WHILE THEY LIVE SWEET-- I IN HIGH STYLE, SHALL HAVE MY ON MY MONEY.



MY PET'S WILL HELP ME. I'LL SHOW THEM



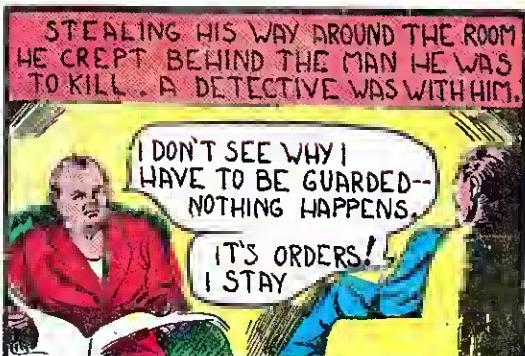
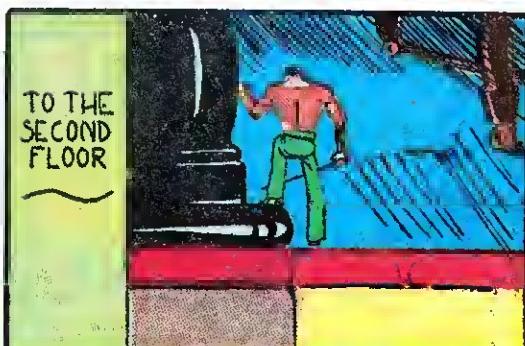
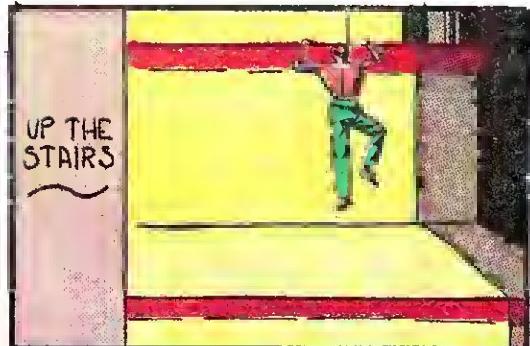
THAT NIGHT A BLACK CLOAKED FIGURE STARTS OUT AGAIN —



AND STOPS
BENEATH
AN OPEN
WINDOW
IT WHISPERS

REMEMBER
WHAT I TOLD
YOU!





UNDERNEATH THE DOOMED MAN
CROUCHED THE SUPERMIDGET--SWORD
IN HAND.



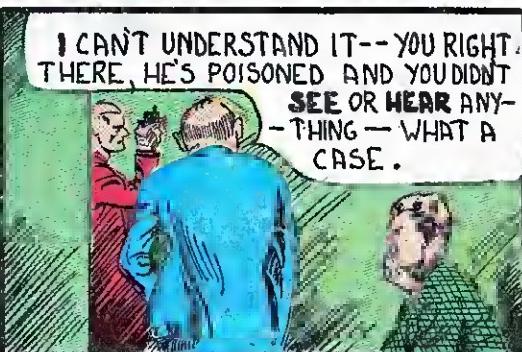
A QUICK JAB OF HIS SWORD, LIKE A
SHADOW HE DARTED FOR THE WALL --
AROUND THE ROOM AND OUT THE DOOR.



WHAT — WHAT'S
THAT—MURDERED.
WELL WHAT WERE
YOU DOING — YOU DIDN'T
SEE ANYTHING—BAH
I'LL BE RIGHT
OVER.



I CAN'T UNDERSTAND IT--YOU RIGHT
THERE, HE'S POISONED AND YOU DIDNT
SEE OR HEAR ANY-
THING — WHAT A
CASE.



THERE'S ONLY ONE PERSON WITH A MOT-
IVE, THAT'S BARMELL'S BROTHER A HALF
CRAZY SCIENTIST—HE WAS
CUT OUT OF THE WILL



O.K. I'LL GO
IN THE MORNING
HE LIVES IN THE
CELLAR OF THAT
HOUSE — WE'LL
QUESTION THE
JANITOR FIRST



YOU SAY BAR-
MELL DIDN'T
LEAVE LAST NIGHT

NO SIR, THERE'S
ONLY ONE WAY —
THAT'S
PAST
ME



YOU SAY HE'S OUT
NOW — WELL BE
BACK

YES SIR



BUT BEHIND BARMELL'S DOOR—LISTENING

HEH-HEH-- THEY
DON'T KNOW OF THE
SECRET PASSAGE.
TRY AND GET ME,
YOU DUMB COPS.
HEH-HEH-HEH

ONE MORE — SHE
HAS MY MONEY BUT
SHE WON'T USE IT
NOW TO GET THE
LAST ONE.

THEN MY REVENGE
SHALL BE COMPLETE.
HEH-HEH-DANCE
LITTLE ONE'S,DANCE

DONNING HIS CAPE AND HAT HE WENT
TO THE WALL

A LITTLE
PRESSURE ON
THIS STONE,
AND I HAVE
ANOTHER
EXIT



AGAIN THE SUPERMIDGET IS READY
TO START-- SOMEONE WILL DIE .

THEY'RE GUARDING THE
GROUNDS TO-NIGHT YOU
WILL HAVE TO GO UP
ALONE-- OFF WITH
YOU NOW— AND BE
CAREFUL

THREE HOURS
GONE!!!
SOMETHING
HAS HAPPENED!
MY PET SHOULD
BE BACK—I
MUST LEAVE IT
IS NEAR DAYBREAK

BARMELL'S SUPERMIDGET
STRUGGLED ON— ALONE — PAST THE
GUARDS — TO A KITCHEN WINDOW.

IN THE
WINDOW
DOWN A CHAIR
TO HIS DOOM



THERE IS A SHARP CLICK! — A SHRILL SCREAM! THEN SILENCE. THE COOK, SEEKING TO CATCH A RAT, HAD CAUGHT A MURDERER.



IN THE MORNING,
THE COOK
PICKED
UP THE
TRAP,
GASPED—
THEN
YELLED

QUICK! GET
THE POLICE.
LOOK WHAT I
CAUGHT IT IS
HORRIBLE.

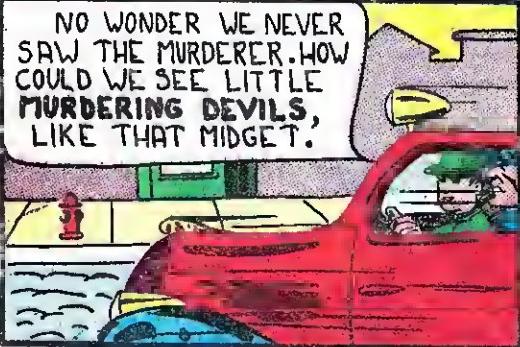


WHY—THAT'S WHAT
MY UNCLE WANTED
MONEY FOR, TO CREATE
SUPERMIDGETS

YES—AND
THAT'S WHY HE
KILLED HIS
BROTHER—HE
WOULDN'T GIVE
HIM ANY

LET'S GO
GET
HIM

NO WONDER WE NEVER
SAW THE MURDERER. HOW
COULD WE SEE LITTLE
MURDERING DEVILS,
LIKE THAT MIDGET?



THEY
BROKE IN
BARMELL'S
DOOR IN
TIME, TO
SEE HIM
TRYING
TO ESCAPE
BY HIS
SECRET
DOOR

YOU'LL NEVER
GET ME! I'LL
KILL ALL
OF YOU

HE STARTED TO THROW
A SMALL VIAL — BUT —

SQUEEZED
IT TOO
TIGHT. IT
EXPLODED
AND BLEW
BARMELL
INTO A
MASS OF
FLAMES



THAT'S THE END
OF HIM, AND THE
CASE ALSO — HE
WAS TOO SMART
FOR HIS OWN
GOOD

AND THOSE POOR
LITTLE MEN — I
WONDER WHO THEY
WERE, BEFORE HE
REDUCED THEM

THE END

•CHUCK' HARDY

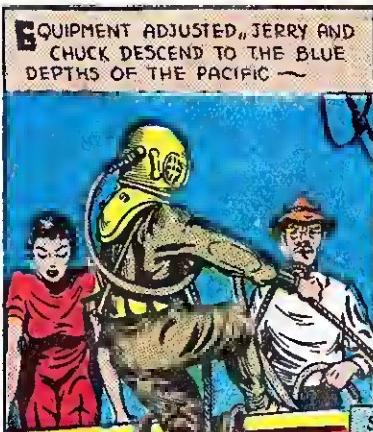
THE LAND
BENEATH THE SEA

by Franklyn Thomas

THE SMALL YAWL "RESEARCH" COMES TO ANCHOR OFF THE ISLAND OF TAHUATA, ONE OF THE MARQUESAN GROUP, IN THE SOUTH PACIFIC...

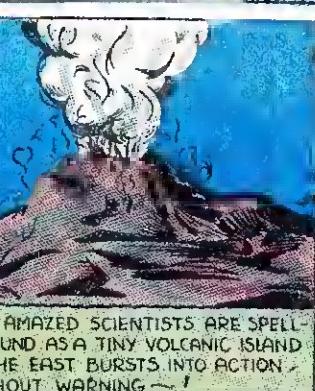


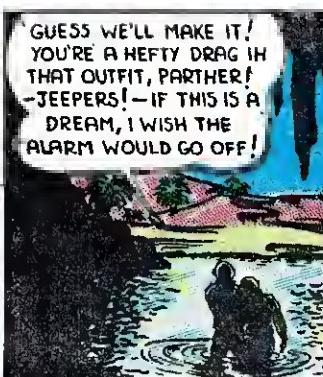
ABOARD THE VESSEL, A SMALL PARTY OF AMERICAN SCIENTISTS, HEADED BY PROFESSOR KINGSLEY, OF PORTSMOUTH UNIVERSITY, PREPARE FOR THE DAY'S UNDERSEA EXPEDITION BY TWO OF ITS MEMBERS ~



SUDDENLY, ABOARD THE "RESEARCH"

LOOK — PROFESSOR!
VOLCANO!





GREETINGS GENTS! —WELL?
SPEAK UP!! —WHO ARE
YOU? WHERE ARE WE?
WHAT —

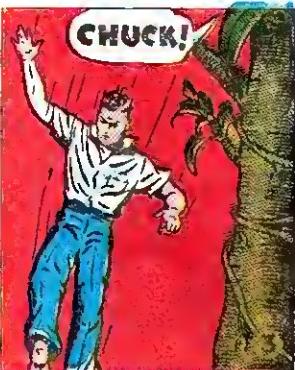
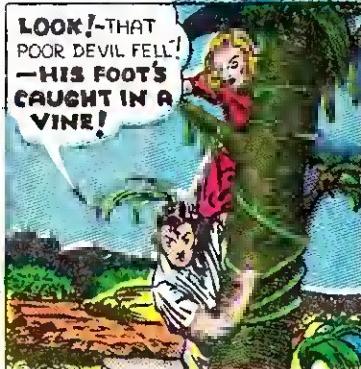
HUSH
CHUCK!!
THEY DON'T
UNDERSTAND!
ACT FRIENDLY!

FROM THE FOLIAGE STEPS FORTH A
BAND OF WARRIORS AS WEIRD AND
UNREAL AS THEIR SURROUNDINGS!

THE LEADER SUDDENLY POINTS
EXCITEDLY AND SCREAMS A COMMAND!

PANIC BREAKS OUT AS A DREADED
SALAMANDRON APPROACHES!!

BELLOWING IN RAGE, THE BEAST CHARGES!



SURPRISED BY CHUCK'S SUDDEN
APPEARANCE, THE SALAMANDRON
HESITATES AND EYES HIS NEW FOE!!!



THE BEAST SINKS SLOWLY ~ THE AXE
DRIVEN DEEPLY INTO ITS SKULL!



THE RESCUED WARRIOR
EXPRESSES HIS THANKS!

BY SAVING HIM FROM THAT BEAST
WE'VE MADE ONE FRIEND.... I HOPE
THE OTHERS FEEL THE SAME WAY!



WE CAN'T UNDERSTAND A WORD
YOU'RE SAYING, PARTNER... BUT WE
KNOW YOU ARE GRATEFUL.... WISH
I COULD FIND THE KEY TO YOUR
LANGUAGE.... SOUNDS A LITTLE LIKE
NATIVE AFRICAN.... TELL US, WHERE
ARE WE?? WHAT IS YOUR
NAME??.... YOUR NAME!
NAME!



2

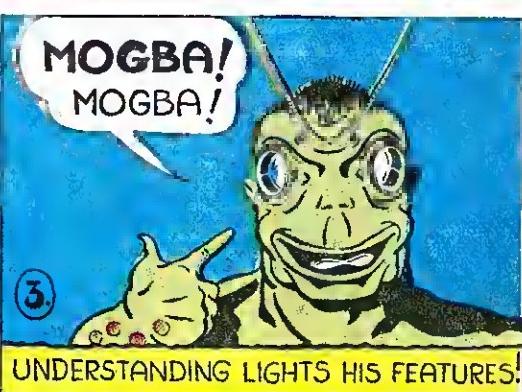
CHUCK!.... JER-RY!...
.... WHO ARE YOU??



CHUCK POINTS FIRST TO HIMSELF...
THEN JERRY, SPEAKING THEIR NAMES

MOGBA!
MOGBA!

3

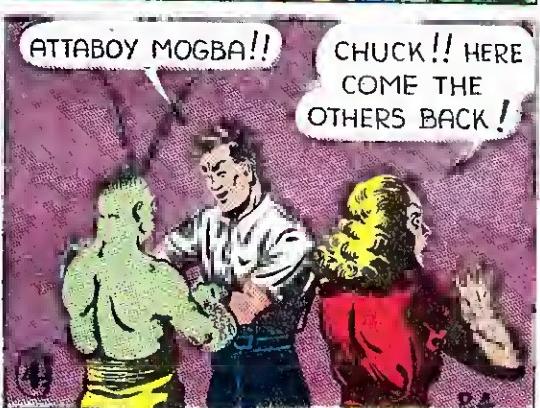


UNDERSTANDING LIGHTS HIS FEATURES!

ATTABOY MOGBA!!

CHUCK!! HERE

COME THE
OTHERS BACK!



GO AHEAD MOGBA!...
...SPEAK YOUR PIECE!
TELL THEM WHAT
GRAND FOLKS WE ARE!



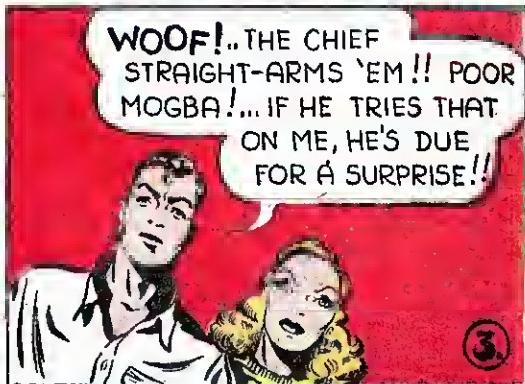
MOGBA ARGUES EXCITEDLY WITH THE LEADER!



2



**WOOF!..THE CHIEF
STRAIGHT-ARMS 'EM!! POOR
MOGBA!... IF HE TRIES THAT
ON ME, HE'S DUE
FOR A SURPRISE!!**



3

**-BUT THE UNUSUAL SIGHT OF BLOND
TRESSES CAPTURES HIS FANCY FIRST!**



4

**HANDS OFF -
YOU GORILLA!**



5.

**JERRY! - DID YOU SEE THAT??
...I KNOCKED HIM INTO THE AIR
LIKE A BASEBALL!! ... EITHER
THESE FELLOWS ARE
FULL OF HELIUM,, OR
ELSE I'VE DEVELOPED
SUPERHUMAN
STRENGTH !!**



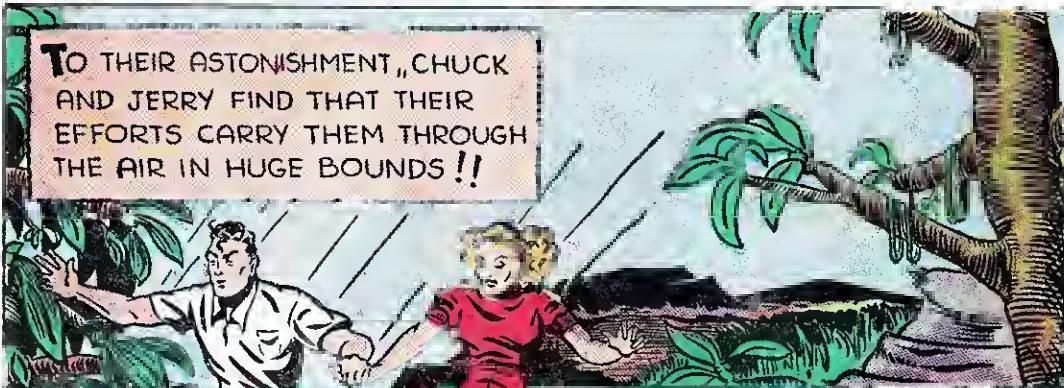
THE WARRIORS ARE TAKEN ABACK BY CHUCK'S EXHIBITION OF STRENGTH!!



NOW'S OUR CHANCE!-WHILE THEY'RE THINKING THAT ONE OVER!!- C'MON JERRY, LET'S BEAT IT!!



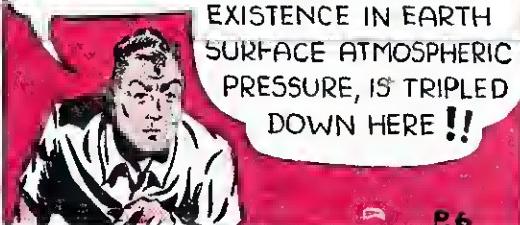
TO THEIR ASTONISHMENT,, CHUCK AND JERRY FIND THAT THEIR EFFORTS CARRY THEM THROUGH THE AIR IN HUGE BOUNDS!!



WE SURE LEFT THERE I THINK SO, IN A HURRY!!-CHUCK, -LET'S REST CAN YOU EXPLAIN HERE A OUR SUDDEN ABILITY MINUTE.. TO JUMP LIKE THAT??



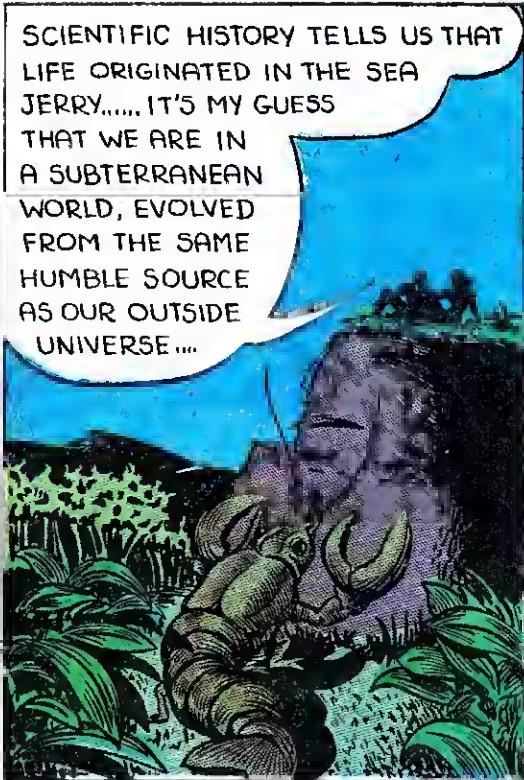
—IT'S CAUSED BY LACK OF AIR PRESSURE, WHICH IS BEING BORNE BY THE EARTH CRUST ABOVE US.... OUR STRENGTH, GAUGED FOR EXISTENCE IN EARTH SURFACE ATMOSPHERIC PRESSURE, IS TRIPLED DOWN HERE !!



THEN WE'RE YES—BENEATH THE BENEATH SEA....I THINK AN EARTH SURFACE ?? EARTHQUAKE OPENED THE SEA FLOOR...OUR



SCIENTIFIC HISTORY TELLS US THAT
LIFE ORIGINATED IN THE SEA
JERRY..... IT'S MY GUESS
THAT WE ARE IN
A SUBTERRANEAN
WORLD, EVOLVED
FROM THE SAME
HUMBLE SOURCE
AS OUR OUTSIDE
UNIVERSE ...



IT SEEMS TO BE A
VAST' TERRITORY—
....AND I'VE A HUNCH
THAT MOGBA AND HIS
BAND ARE NOT
RULERS HERE !!



—THEN YOU EXPECT TO
FIND A HIGHER
TYPE RACE
OF PEOPLE
HERE ??



RIGHT!! BUT MY
CHIEF WORRY NOW IS—
...I'M HUNGRY!
—AND I'M THIRSTY!



I'LL JUMP INTO THAT
TREE —MAYBE I CAN SIGHT
WATER—OR EVEN A
HAMBURGER STAND!



—READ MORE OF THE
THRILLING ADVENTURES
of "CHUCK HARDY"
IN THE NEXT EPISODE!



"SLIM" BRADLEY

FOREST RANGER

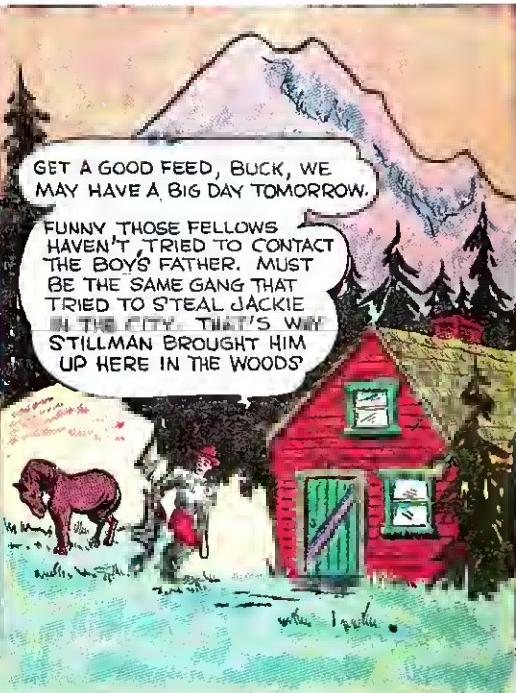
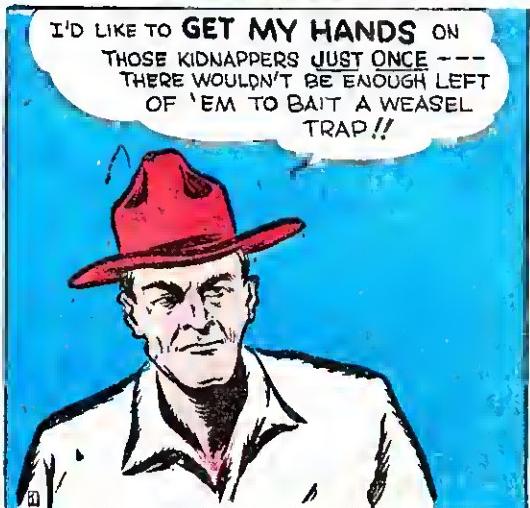
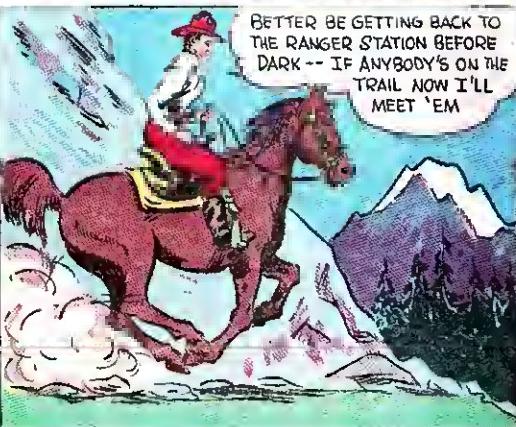
By DICK HAYES

THRILLING ADVENTURE

MYSTERY OF THE KIDNAPPED HEIR

LITTLE JACKIE STILLMAN, 10 YEAR OLD SON OF THE MILLIONAIRE A.K. STILLMAN, HAS BEEN KIDNAPPED! BROUGHT TO THE MOUNTAINS OF THE SPEARHEAD NATIONAL FOREST TO ACCOMPANY HIS FATHER ON A FISHING TRIP. THE BOY WAS STOLEN FROM CAMP AT NIGHT WHILE HIS FATHER AND THEIR GUIDE SLEPT CLOSE BY.

"SLIM" HAS GONE TO CLOUDY PASS TO SEARCH FOR THE MISSING HEIR.



THAT NIGHT, A KNOCK AT THE DOOR WAKES "SLIM"

COME IN!



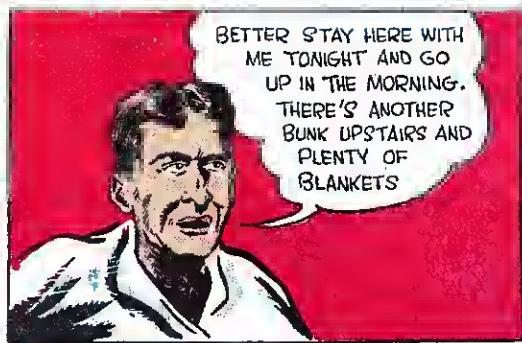
OH, IT'S YOU, DANNY,
HEADIN' UP TO YOUR
MINE KINDA' LATE
TONIGHT, AREN'T YOU?



BETTER STAY HERE WITH
ME TONIGHT AND GO
UP IN THE MORNING.
THERE'S ANOTHER
BUNK UPSTAIRS AND
PLENTY OF
BLANKETS

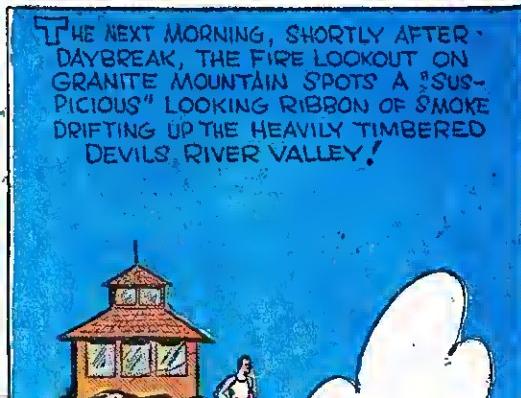
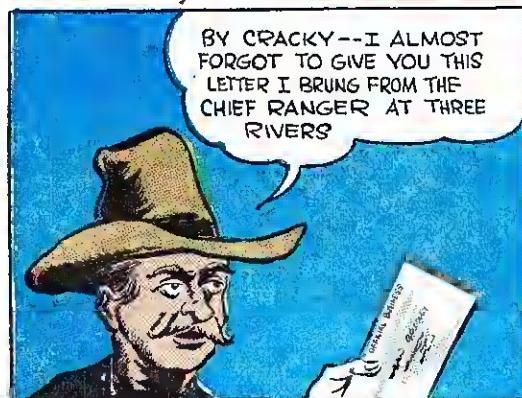
NO -- GOT A HEAP O'
WORK TO DO AT THE
MINE AND FIGGUR TO BE
AT IT BY SUNUP -- GUESS
I'LL BE DRIFTIN' ON

WELL, KEEP YOUR
EYES OPEN ON THE
TRAIL FOR ANY SIGN
OF THOSE KIDNAPPERS



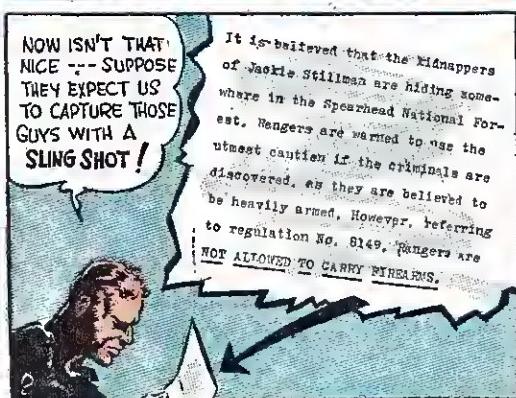
BY CRACKY--I ALMOST
FORGOT TO GIVE YOU THIS
LETTER I BRUNG FROM THE
CHIEF RANGER AT THREE
RIVERS

THE NEXT MORNING, SHORTLY AFTER
DAYBREAK, THE FIRE LOOKOUT ON
GRANITE MOUNTAIN SPOTS A "SUS-
PICIOUS" LOOKING RIBBON OF SMOKE
DRIFTING UP THE HEAVILY TIMBERED
DEVILS RIVER VALLEY!



NOW ISN'T THAT
NICE -- SUPPOSE
THEY EXPECT US
TO CAPTURE THOSE
GUYS WITH A
SLING SHOT!

It is believed that the kidnappers of Jackie Stillman are hiding somewhere in the Spearhead National Forest. Rangers are warned to use the utmost caution if the criminals are discovered, as they are believed to be heavily armed. However, referring to regulation No. 6149, "Rangers are NOT ALLOWED TO CARRY FIREARMS."



THERE'S SOMETHING MIGHTY FUNNY
ABOUT THAT SMOKE I'LL CALL "SLIM"
BRADLEY AND HAVE HIM INVESTIGATE
IT CAN'T BE A CAMPFIRE BECAUSE
THE SMOKE'S TOO FAR FROM THE
RIVER FOR CAMPERS OR FISHERMEN

HELLO, "SLIM"? SORRY
TO GET YOU OUT OF BED
SO EARLY, BUT IT LOOKS
LIKE THERE'S A FIRE UP
THE MIDDLE FORK OF DEVILS
RIVER --- 'BOUT TWO MILES
ABOVE THE "LAST CHANCE"
CROSSING UP IN THE
WOODS ON THE NORTH
SLOPE --

I'M PRACTICALLY
ON MY WAY, DAVE!
YOU BETTER NOTIFY THE
TRAIL CREW ON LITTLE
SANDY CREEK TO STAND
BY FOR FIRE FIGHTING
EMERGENCY

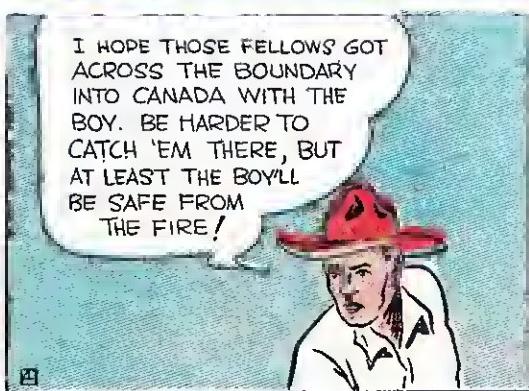
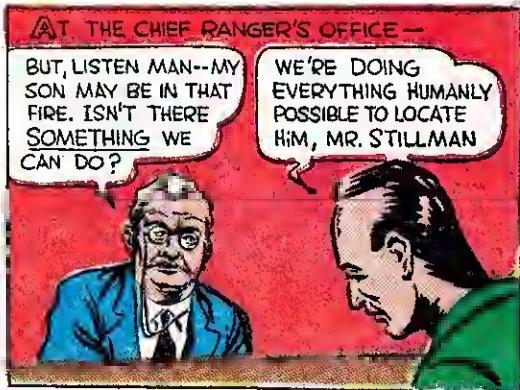
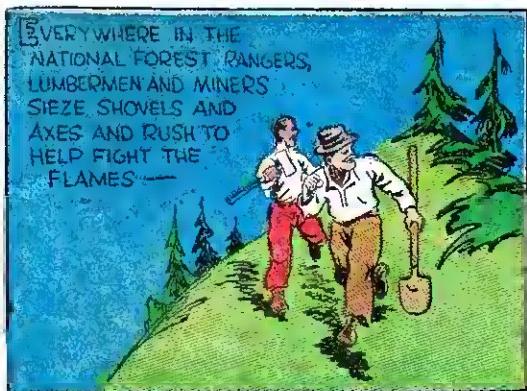
STRETCH YOUR LEGS THERE,
BUCK - WE'RE GOING PLACES!

THERE'S BEEN NO
LIGHTNING FOR TWO
WEEKS, SO I WONDER
WHAT STARTED
THAT FIRE !

MEANWHILE, THE WIND HAS SHIFTED TO
THE SOUTH, BRINGING HOT, DRY AIR UP
THE VALLEY INTO TREES ALREADY DRY AS
POWDER FROM THE SUMMER HEAT!
-- THE FIRE HAS STARTED TO "CROWN"
AND RED FINGERS RACE THROUGH THE
TREETOPS WITH THE SPEED OF AN
EXPRESS TRAIN !

BUCK, I DON'T LIKE THIS!
THAT FIRE'S SPREADIN' UP
THE VALLEY TOWARDS OLD
DANNY'S MINE. THE LOOKOUT
WILL GET A CREW STARTED TO
FIGHT IT AND THERE'S NOTHING
WE CAN DO ALONE TO FIGHT IT.
**WE'RE RIDING TO
WARN DANNY!**

BUT, WHAT HAS BECOME OF THE
KIDNAPPERS AND LITTLE JACKIE STIMSON?
WILL THEY BE TRAPPED BY THE
ROARING FLAMES AND UNABLE TO
ESCAPE THE FIRE?

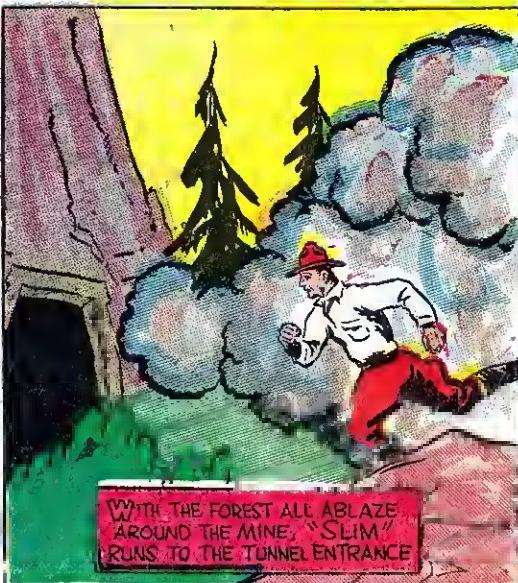




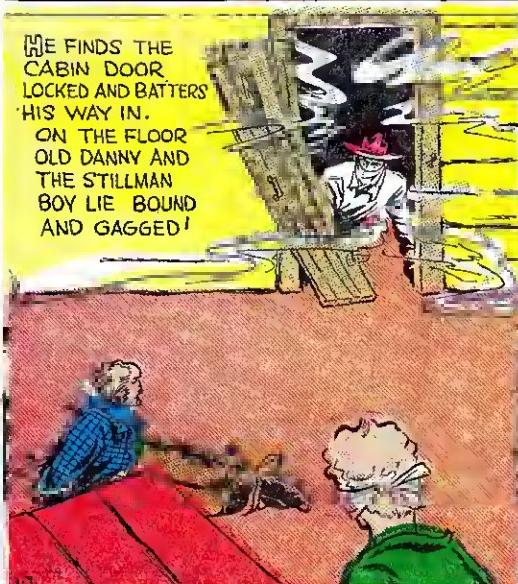
A FEW MINUTES MORE AND WE'D NEVER HAVE GOTTEN THROUGH HERE!



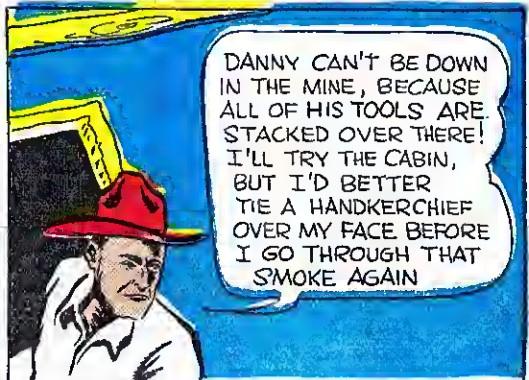
WE'RE ALMOST THERE, BUCK, OLD BOY! THE FIRE'S PROBABLY REACHED THE MINE!



WITH THE FOREST ALL ABLAZE AROUND THE MINE, "SLIM" RUNS TO THE TUNNEL ENTRANCE



HE FINDS THE CABIN DOOR LOCKED AND BATTERED HIS WAY IN. ON THE FLOOR OLD DANNY AND THE STILLMAN BOY LIE BOUND AND GAGGED!



DANNY CAN'T BE DOWN IN THE MINE, BECAUSE ALL OF HIS TOOLS ARE STACKED OVER THERE! I'LL TRY THE CABIN, BUT I'D BETTER TIE A HANDKERCHIEF OVER MY FACE BEFORE I GO THROUGH THAT SMOKE AGAIN



"SLIM" DASHES TO THE CABIN--



ONE OF THE KIDNAPPERS
STANDS BRANDISHING
AN EVIL-LOOKING
AUTOMATIC!



"SLIM" LEAPS AT
THE WOULD-BE
KILLER AS HIS
FINGER PRESSES
THE TRIGGER!



THAT'LL TAKE
CARE OF YOU!



A SMASHING BLOW TO
THE JAW DROPS THE MAN

COME ON - LET'S
GET OUT OF HERE!

tie handkerchiefs
over your noses --
that smoke's thick!

WE'D BETTER TAKE
THAT FELLER WITH
US -- CAN'T LEAVE
HIM TO BURN UP
HERE!



FOLLOW ME!

BUCK'S DOWN
HERE BY THE
MINE TUNNEL

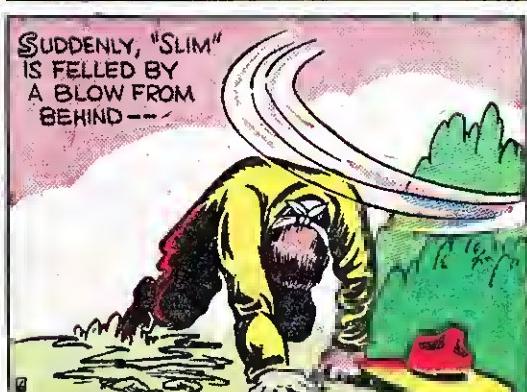
THEY RUN FROM
THE CABIN, TAKING
THE KIDNAPPER, STILL
SOMETHOW IN A DAZE,
ALONG WITH THEM -



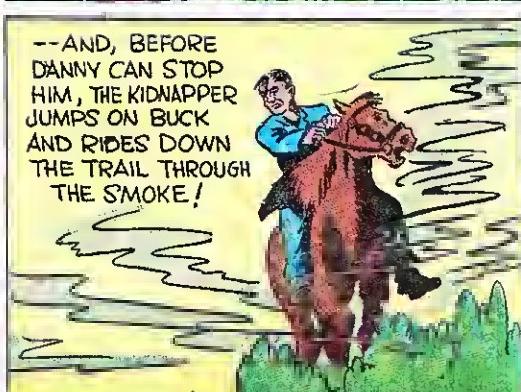
IF WE WENT IN THE TUNNEL WE
MIGHT BE TRAPPED -- TOO BAD
WE ALL HAVEN'T HORSES, WE
COULD MAKE A RUN FOR IT
DOWN THE TRAIL. DANNY,
LET'S HEAD FOR THE
RIVER AND SWIM
ACROSS!



SUDDENLY, "SLIM"
IS FELLED BY
A BLOW FROM
BEHIND --



--AND, BEFORE
DANNY CAN STOP
HIM, THE KIDNAPPER
JUMPS ON BUCK
AND RIDES DOWN
THE TRAIL THROUGH
THE SMOKE!



THERE'S NO USE TRYING TO STOP HIM. IF HE LETS BUCK HAVE HIS HEAD, HE'LL GET THROUGH THE FIRE FIGHTERS'LL CATCH HIM. WHAT BECAME OF THE OTHERS, DANNY?

WHEN I REACHED THE MINE LAST NIGHT THERE WERE THREE OF 'EM HIDING IN THE CABIN. THEY TIED ME UP WITH THE BOY AND BEFORE DAYBREAK TWO OF 'EM WENT DOWN THE TRAIL AND STARTED THAT FIRE. THEY FIGURED IT WOULD STOP ANYONE FROM COMING TO LOOK FOR THEM AND GIVE 'EM A CHANCE TO ESCAPE INTO CANADA

THEY NEVER CAME BACK!

THE FLAMES TRAVELED SO FAST IN THAT DRY TIMBER THAT THEY PROBABLY PERISHED IN THEIR OWN FIRE!

LET'S GET TO THE RIVER!

THEY RACE THROUGH THE WOODS - JUMPING OVER BURNING LOGS

WE'RE ALMOST THERE!

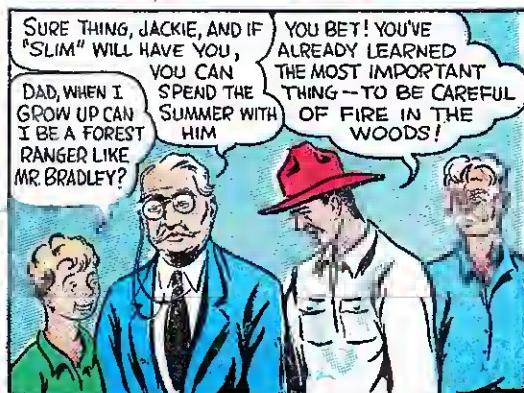
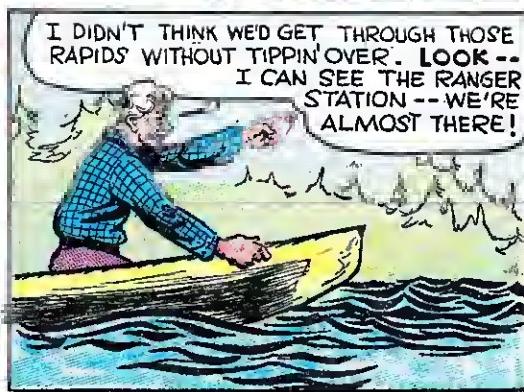
IN THE THICK BUSHES ALONG THE RIVERBANK "SLIM" FINDS AN OLD INDIAN CEDAR DUGOUT

"SLIM", I CAN'T SWIM!

WAIT! I SEE SOMETHING!

THE RIVER!

GET IN HERE AND WE'LL PADDLE DOWN THE RIVER!



MIGHTY MAN

A PAUL BUNYAN CHARACTER,
OUT OF THE GREAT WESTERN
COUNTRY, COME TO LIFE!

BY

MARTIN FELDICK

ANOTHER PROSPECTOR!
WON'T THEY EVER
GIVE UP?

ONE OF THESE
DAYS SOMEONE
WILL FIND THE
PHANTOM MINE!

DON'T TELL ME
YOU BELIEVE
THAT IT REALLY
EXISTS?

YUP! AND
I'M JUST WAITING
FOR SOME OLD
SOURDOUGH
TO DISCOVER
IT!

HE WON'T HAVE
IT LONG! I'M
BOSS IN THIS
TOWN. I'LL GET
IT BY HOOK
OR CROOK!

A
CLAIM
JUMPER
EH?

EVERY OTHER MAN IN
THIS TOWN IS ON MY
PAY ROLL-IF THEY
HEAR ANYTHING
I'LL SOON KNOW
IT-TEX THAT
MINE IS AS GOOD
AS MINE!

IF AND
WHEN
DISCOVERED

THEY HEAD
FOR THEIR
OFFICE

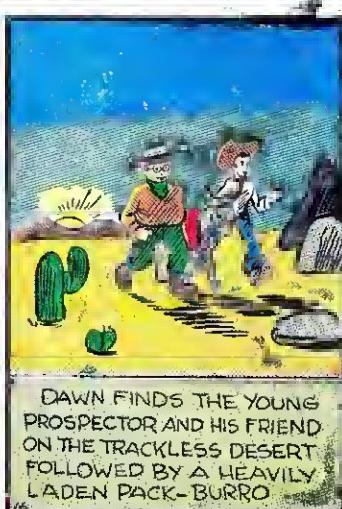
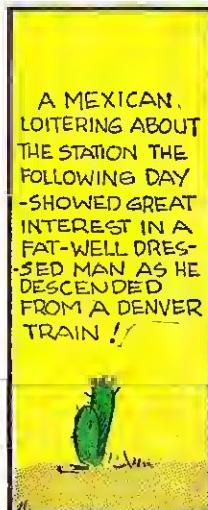
- OFFICE -
BUCK LONG

BOSS! I GOT
SOME NEWS!

A PROSPECTOR JUST SENT A
TELEGRAM TO A PROFESSOR
IN DENVER - SAYING = COME AT
ONCE! I FOUND IT - DOES
THAT MEAN ANYTHING
TO YOU?

- AND
HOW!

SOME TIME LATER, A MESSENGER
RUSHES BREATHLESSLY TO THE
OFFICE OF THE TWO TOWN POWERS

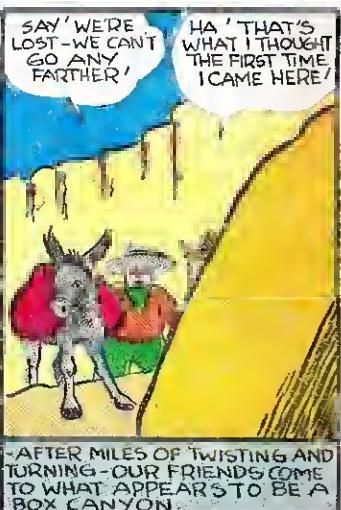
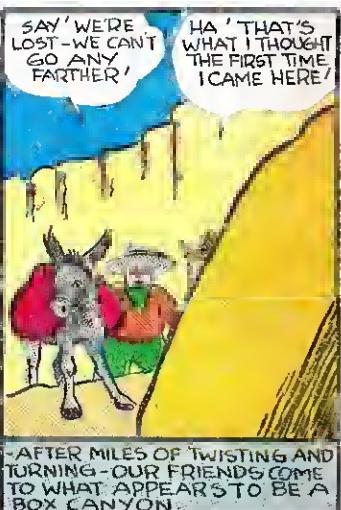


COME! COME! JUST ABOUT EVERYTHING YOUR LETTER SAID WOULD BE THERE - BUT FIRST TELL ME WHERE YOU GOT THE MAP - AND HOW YOU CAME TO SEND IT TO ME!

-YOU STUBBORN RASCAL! OKEH! HERE GOES! I GOT THE INFORMATION FROM AN INDIAN WHILE I WAS TEACHING AT HASKELL - HE GOT THE MAP AND STORY FROM HIS FATHER - HE SWEORE IT WAS TRUE! I PUT IT AWAY AND JUST LAST WEEK THE MISSUS DISCOVERED IT AMONG SOME OLD PAPERS - KNOWING THAT YOU WERE IN THIS VICINITY I SENT THE MAP TO YOU - I GUESS YOU FOUND THE VALLEY OR YOU'D NEVER HAVE SENT ME THE TELEGRAM!

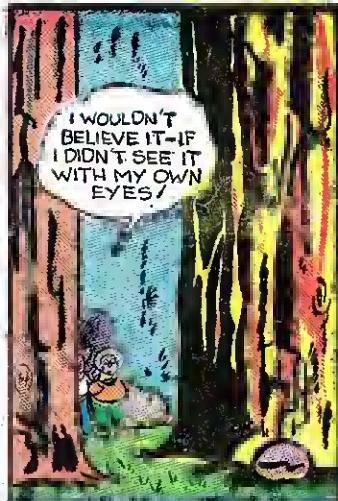
WHAT DID YOU FIND THERE - LARGE TREES, BIRDS-ANIMALS AND PEOPLE! ALL TWICE THE AVERAGE SIZE?

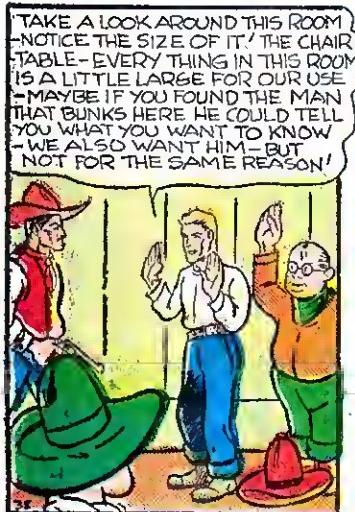
I FOUND EVERYTHING BUT THE GIANTS' BUT I DID FIND A LITTLE SIGN! -SOME HUMAN IS LIVING IN THE VALLEY! IF HE OR SHE IS STILL ALIVE WE'LL FIND OUT!



BUT LITTLE DID SUNNY REALIZE HOW WRONG HE WAS FOR ONE OF THE TOUGHEST OUTLAW GANGS IN THE WEST WAS ON THEIR TRAIL.

AFTER MILES OF TWISTING AND TURNING - OUR FRIENDS CAME TO WHAT APPEARS TO BE A BOX CANYON.



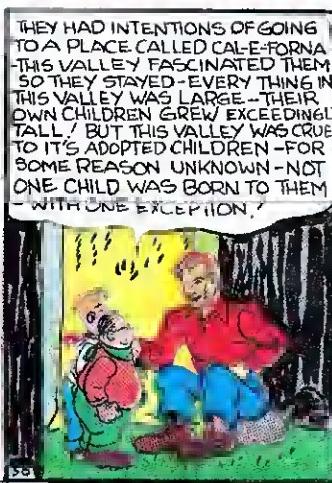
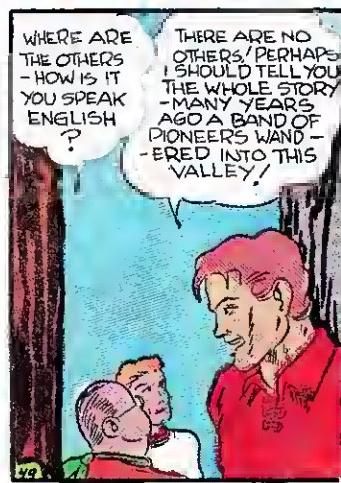




THE LIMP FORM OF THE OUTLAW IS TOSSED ASIDE AS A HUGE GIANT ENTERS THE ROOM - HE ADVANCES TOWARD OUR FRIENDS -

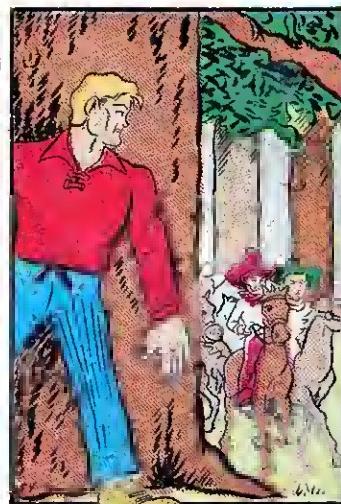
44

-BUT INSTEAD OF HARMING OUR FRIENDS, THE GIANT SPEAKS TO SUNNY!



45

46





Only 15000 Sets Are Available At This Special Half-Price Offer

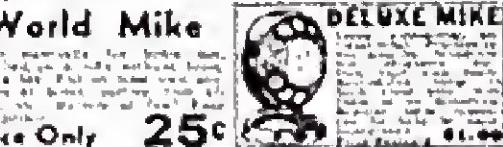
BROADCAST - Now your radio TALK - SING - PLAY

BROADCAST

World Mike

Price Only

25c



MAGIC WAND

Apparatus Produces Many Surprising Effects



ELECTRIC MOTOR

Apparatus Produces Many Surprising Effects



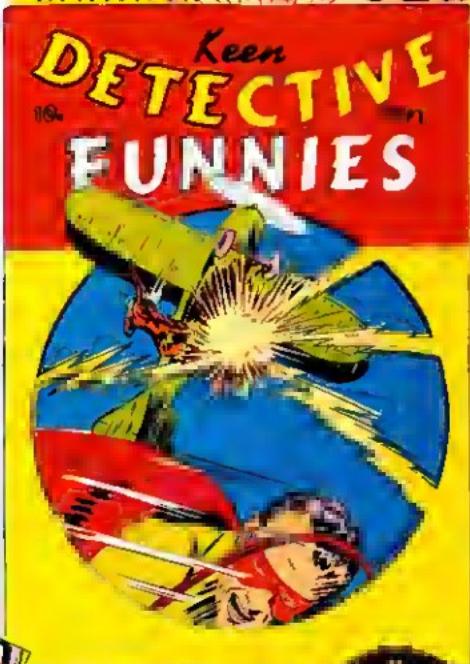
WINDUP CUSTOME

25c

FLASH!

BOYS AND
GIRLS—

The **MASKED MARVEL!**



YOUR FAVORITE
NEWSSTAND
NOW!
only 10¢

Appearing each month in
KEEN DETECTIVE FUNNIES

Buy the September Issue and
SEE HOW THE **MASKED MARVEL**
foils the gang of Stamp Counterfeitors